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GIVE HIM A LIFT.

Give him a lift! Kneel not in prayer,
Nor moralize with his despair!
The man is down, and his great need
Is ready help, not pra/er and creed.

'Tis time when the wounds are washed and healed
That the inward motive be revealed;
But now, whate'er the spirit be,
Mere words are but a mockery.

One grain of aid just now is more
To him than tomes of saintly lore:
If you must pray, pray in your heart,
But give him a lift! pray give him a start!

The world is full of good advice—
Of prayers of praise, and preaching nice;
But the generous souls who aid mankind
Are scarce as gold, and hard to find.

Give like a Christian—speak in deeds;
A noble life's the best of creeds;
And he shall wear a noble crown
Who gives men a lift when they are down.

FOR MONEY'S SAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHICH WINS," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," "A PRINCE IN DISGUISE," "RED RIDING HOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

WALKING down Piccadilly, on his way to his rooms, Vavasour suddenly stopped and stared behind him.

He had brushed shoulders with Lord Ayrtoun in passing, and Lord Ayrtoun had not seen him.

"Lost in thought!" said Vavasour to himself; and then, with two or three of his long strides, he overtook his friend, who was walking on, his eyes on the pavement, his mind evidently far from Piccadilly.

When Vavasour touched his arm, he started violently.

"You're the very man I want!" he exclaimed. "Vavasour, I'm going to paint a picture."

"Well," returned Vavasour coolly, "that's not so extraordinary! You've already painted several."

"But let me tell you——"

"Come my way, then," interrupted Vavasour.

"I've no time to lose."

With the ready amiability of an absorbed man, Lord Ayrtoun turned, and began to walk in a totally opposite direction from that which he had taking before.

"The truth is," he said, "I can't get on without you.

"I want you to sit for me."

"Me!" exclaimed Vavasour, in extreme astonishment.

"What as?"

"Orlando," answered Lord Ayrtoun.

Vavasour said nothing for a moment. He was thinking.

"You'll exhibit the picture?" he said at last.

"Oh, I suppose so!" answered Lord Ayrtoun absently. "Yes, of course, when it is finished."

"It's certain to be hung?"

For a minute Lord Ayrtoun seemed hardly to understand the question. Then he answered with one word.

"Certain."

"It would be a good advertisement," said Vavasour, in the tone of a man considering; then suddenly, and with decision, he added, "All right; I'll sit for you. Only you know I don't get much time for my own amusement as it is, so you mustn't be a hard task-maker."

"Good!" exclaimed Lord Ayrtoun. "I'm immensely glad. You are the very Orlando I want.

"I have the composition in my mind. I must make a rough sketch of it to-day. I know the very woodland glade.

"I have half-a-dozen views of it in my portfolio.

"But now I must secure my Rosalind—if I can."

"Miss Merrion?" asked Vavasour, with the air of one expecting a "yes" in reply.

"Miss Merrion!" repeated Lord Ayrtoun with the deepest contempt. "Come now, Vavasour; I've never agreed with Mrs. Vane, as you have, that Merrion is a living skeleton.

"On the contrary, I consider it only honest to say the truth—that she is a very elegant woman—even to Mrs. Vane. But she has no face, no soul, no expression, not an atom of romance about her."

"Ah," said Vavasour, "well, she is about as disagreeable a woman as I have ever met with!

"But I supposed that, if she did for the boards, she'd do to put on canvas."

"I want an ideal Rosalind," Lord Ayrtoun went on.

"I was going to Hyde Park Gate when you met me, to ask Miss Gray to sit for the character."

"Miss Gray!" repeated Vavasour in a tone of great surprise.

His mind had travelled back to his last recollections of Cynthia among her beautiful flowers.

"Well," he said, "I should never have thought of it; she's so tremendously quiet; but I dare say she has got the right sort of face."

"If I can paint her," said Lord Ayrtoun speaking as one in a dream—"if I can paint her as I have seen her look a hundred times!

"But, oh, what a task!

"Never mind I'll try.

"Don't you know that look in her eyes when the naïve humor that is somewhere dormant in her shines through her demureness?

"And she has the very mouth of Rosalind—that wonderful line where the lips close together—the curve at the corners that is almost a smile even in repose, and droop of the upper lip in the centre that is so rich and full of tenderness——"

"I say, old chappie," interrupted Vavasour, "you'd better go and ask her while your enthusiasm lasts."

"Well, but I can't talk like that to her, you know," returned his friend, with sudden dejection; "and I'm awfully afraid she'll be offended and refuse me.

"Some women have a horror of being painted.

"Oh, take the high art line!" said Vavasour.

"It's all affectation when women refuse. It just depends on the way you take them. Give them any decent excuse for agreeing, and they are certain to do it. They are all as vain as they can be."

Lord Ayrtoun made no answer.

He did not consider that Vavasour's remark applied to Cynthia Gray; therefore he took no notice of it.

"I'll go while I've got the courage," he said suddenly.

"Good-bye.

"I hope she's at home."

"She was half an hour ago," observed Vavasour.

"Oh, you've been there?"

"Just come from there when I met you. They are both at home."

"Thanks.

"I'll be off then.

"Good-bye."

And Lord Ayrtoun hurried to retrace the steps he had just taken.

"Clean gone on that picture," said Vavasour to himself, as he went striding on alone, "and on Miss Cynthia too, it strikes me.

"Harry's always in love with somebody though.

"Don't suppose it's serious.

"What a bore it will be to sit for him! Never mind; it will be a good stroke of business for me; the picture's sure to be hung on the line."

With this Vavasour put the matter out of his mind, and hurried home to his five-o'clock dinner.

In the meantime, Lord Ayrtoun, feeling that his own feet were too slow to carry him all the length of Knightsbridge, hailed the swiftest-looking hansom he could see, and drove to Mrs. Vane's door.

The ladies were at home, and very glad to see him.

Cynthia always had a ready smile for Lord Ayrtoun.

She was more at her ease and more content in his society than in that of any one else of her acquaintance.

He had the art of leading her to talk; and sometimes she would speak to him in her low soft voice of things about which she thought much, but said very little, as a rule.

Yet Lord Ayrtoun stood in decided awe of her; how great he never knew until to-day, when he tried half a dozen times to nerve himself to ask her to sit for him.

He endeavoured to find the courage to prefer his request, but failed.

Suddenly he determined, as he sat looking at her, only to ask her to sit for the face.

That would make the proposition less alarming.

And he resolved to take refuge under Mrs. Vane's wing.

He would get her to find out if Cynthia would be offended.

Having come to this determination, he had little difficulty in inveigling the widow into the conservatory on a pretext of wishing to see some special floral treasure of which he knew her to be possessed.

Cynthia, left alone in the drawing-room, threw herself upon a wide low couch, in an attitude of such perfect repose as seems only possible to a graceful woman.

She had clasped her hands beneath her head, and was gazing at the painted ceiling above her as intently as though it were the roof of the Sistine Chapel.

In reality she saw there not the tolerably graceful arabesques of the London house-decorator, but visions more marvellous to her than those materialized by Michael Angelo—visions which could never become reality without the development of the latent powers, the dim possibilities of her own soul.

She was roused from her dreams by Mrs. Vane's entrance.

"'Pon my word, that dear boy gave me a scare just now.

"I thought he was going to propose to me: I did indeed, Cynthia."

Cynthia turned her head a little and looked at her cousin.

"And he was not?"

"No; it was something else altogether, a mere trifle; and he made so much of it that I declare I'm sorry for the woman he does propose to, whenever the event comes off.

"It would be as bad as going to the dentist. He wants you to sit for him, Cynthia."

"Oh, indeed!" said Cynthia coolly.

"He was so afraid you'd be offended; he didn't dare to ask you, though he came on purpose.

"His asking you to sit for him seems to me rather a compliment than otherwise. However, I don't pretend to understand the way you look at things; so perhaps you are offended.

"Are you?"

"No," answered Cynthia, a faint smile dawning on her languid lips.

"Then I'll go on.

"I promised Harry I'd tell you all about it, and then you must give him your answer yourself.

"Harry wants you to sit for him as Rosalind.

"Pretty idea isn't it?

"He's awfully delicate and considerate, and says he'll only ask you to sit for the face, because of the fatigue of standing. He'll get a professional model for the figure. That prevents your having to put on the dress—you understand?"

"I see," assented Cynthia quietly.

"He is quite mad on this idea," continued her cousin, "and says that, if you will grant his request, he is certain to produce a good picture.

"He's going to work up the forest from his sketches at Porlock Weir, and Vavasour has consented to sit for Orlando."

Cynthia raised herself suddenly, and sitting up, stared at Mrs. Vane.

Her face flushed crimson, which swiftly died away, leaving a strange pallor. She said nothing; but, after a moment, slid her feet quickly to the ground, and put her hand to her head.

"Kate," she said, in a vague voice, "I feel queer."

Mrs. Vane turned round sharply.

"Good gracious, you're faint!" she said, after a glance at Cynthia's face.

"The heat's too much for you. Let me loose your dress.

"I'll ring for some wine."

"No; it's gone," returned Cynthia, with a laugh.

"I am all right again. It is very hot to-day."

She threw herself down again on the couch and lay there still, with closed eyes and a strange flickering smile on her beautiful lips.

Mrs. Vane looked at her anxiously for a few minutes; but the color had returned to her face.

By-and-by she roused herself and rose from the couch.

"It is time to dress, I suppose?" she said.

"Yes, so it is; and we're going to Lady Amber's to-night.

"I'd forgotten all about it. Have you decided? Are you going to sit for Lord Ayrtoun?"

"Yes, I will sit for him," answered Cynthia, and went away out of the room.

"Well, upon my honor," exclaimed Mrs. Vane, speaking out loud from excess of feeling, though she was alone, "that girl's just like a stock or a stone! Any woman that could feel at all would have either been offended or else flattered. Well, well, some people are made of flesh and blood, and some, as it seems, are not."

So saying, she left the drawing-room, to spend an hour in the engrossing occupation of making a toilette worthy of appearing in at Lady Amber's.

* * * * * *

Lord Ayrtoun was in a state of extreme excitement from this time, full of the tremulous, doubting, hoping happiness of the artist who holds in his mind a conception which he believes ought to develop into a great work.

He spent hours over the sketches he had taken at Porlock Weir.

When the canvas destined to bear his final effort came home, he put it on his largest easel, and looked at it a long while, as though it held within itself some magic all its own.

Ah, how happy he was then, with the idea unsoiled and unspoiled in his mind!

Probably none but the greatest masters the race can bring a conception into actual form without a sense that they have taken from it its chief exquisiteness, and rubbed away with the roughness of their touch the extreme delicacy of its shape.

Lord Ayrtoun had enough experience of his art to know that a day would come when his "Scene in the Forest of Arden" would be finished—that is to say, when he would finally recognise how far it fell short of the picture which was now in his mind.

But this knowledge did not discourage him, for he was by nature an enthusiast. He loved art as he loved nothing else on earth, except perhaps Cynthia Gray.

When his Rosalind came to the studio she was always accompanied by Mrs. Vane. This annoyed the artist immensely, though he submitted with as good a grace as possible.

Mrs. Vane's carefully crimped yellow hair, Mrs. Vane's Louis Quinze boots, and her under-skirts lavishly trimmed with white lace, and extensively displayed whenever she sat down, Mrs. Vane's exceedingly tight dresses and aggressively handsome parasols—these things, well enough in their way, seemed out of place in a studio.

Cynthia was unquestionably dressed "in the fashion," as milliners say, yet that ephemeral charm appeared to vanish away when she came within the studio-door and to give place to her living artistic color.

The contrast made Mrs. Vane's presence the more painful; yet nothing that Mrs. Vane wore or did irritated Lord Ayrtoun so much as the stream of small talk which she poured upon him while he worked. She pried about the studio, rummaging in the corners with her parasol, and offering impertinently trivial criticisms on everything she found.

She made innumerable suggestions about the work in hand.

Lord Ayrtoun bore it all very well; but he was intensely grateful when Vavasour came at the same time as the ladies and distracted Mrs. Vane's attention.

This he did effectually, for he made it his business to follow her whims, agree with her opinions, laugh at her fancied wit, and, in fact, make himself her chosen slave.

By degrees, in spite of his artistic preoccupation, this fact penetrated into Lord Ayrtoun's mind.

He had never seen them together so much before.

It was impossible to be blind to the part that Vavasour was playing.

Even Cynthia, innocent of the world's ways as she was, must have understood what was going on, but for the absorbing power of her own dreams.

By merely coming to this studio, and sitting silently under the strong light from the high window, she entered a magic land of strange and beautiful fancies. By this time she had read Shakspeare with some thoroughness; her mind, coming fresh to the study, had formed a very vivid picture of Rosalind.

She held it her part of the task in hand to live in this idea, to believe herself the heroine of the forest, while Lord Ayrtoun worked upon his sketches of her face.

And she held it a high privilege to have this task.

How was that privilege heightened, made glorious, converted into living poetry, by her Orlando!

To be thus chosen as the Rosalind for the Orlando, who had come to her as a real person in the woods of Porlock Weir—the Orlando, who absolutely embodied the character to her mind!

Cynthia was very happy in these days—the mornings spent in the studio, were full of vivid romance, which made all the afternoon and evening bright with the glow left behind.

No wonder that, wrapped in her fair dream, in her cloud-happiness, she failed to understand what was happening before her very eyes.

Although she had heard of a very different state of things, she had never seen Vavasour anything but devoted to her cousin Kate; so that his ardor failed to impress her very much.

And she had acquired a habit of not listening when Mrs. Vane was talking and laughing, even with her hero Vavasour. Experience had taught her that nothing of any interest or importance was said.

She preferred to let her mind find food in its visions, while her eyes rested upon Vavasour's clear-cut handsome face. But Lord Ayrtoun knew Vavasour tolerably well; and it dawned upon him before long that the change in his attitude towards Mrs Vane was so complete it must have some meaning.

One day Vavasour remained after the ladies had gone.

He seemed, intensely relieved by their departure, and flung himself down into a chair, with a sort of groan.

Then he relapsed into silence. Lord Ayrtoun, who was re-setting his palette, looked up and paused in his work.

"Glad they're gone—eh?" he said.

"Glad?

"I should think so!

"Not that she's a bad sort—she's a very good-hearted woman.

"You know a fellow gets worn out sometimes."

"You don't show any sign of it in her presence."

"Ah!

"Well, you see, that wouldn't do."

"Then you are playing this part with a definite purpose?"

Vavasour turned his head, and looked at Lord Ayrtoun, without replying.

"You mean to marry the widow then?"

"Do you believe she'll have me?" asked Vavasour, in a tone of some excitement.

"Of course she will."

"Then I'll go in and win!"

For a few minutes Lord Ayrtoun quietly squeezed little wet blobs of color out of tin tubes on to his palette with the greatest care, then he put the palette down, thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his loose painting-coat, and stared at Vavasour.

"Well, it passes my comprehension!" he said solemnly.

"Nonsense," returned Vavasour, with an air of cheerfulness.

"Think what a poor beggar I am; and then consider the subject of ten thousand a year, with no encumbrance but a quite endurable widow. I'd do worse than that For Money's Sake!"

He leaned back in his chair in a luxurious attitude and with a smile upon his face which seemed to express a keen anticipatory enjoyment of a good settled income.

"Quite endurable!" echoed Lord Ayrtoun; then, with sudden emphasis—"You will be the most miserable dog alive."

"Not at all.

"Why should I?"

"She won't let you leave the stage," said Lord Ayrtoun.

"She will want all the world to see what a handsome young husband she has. Besides, notwithstanding her riches, I am certain she's stingy where other people are concerned.

"She won't like keeping you."

"Well," said Vavasour uneasily, "I don't want to leave the stage. But, at all events, I should be able to make a stand at good parts and good pay.

"I shouldn't have to be thankful for every crumb I can get, as I am now. I could work like a gentleman, not like a galley slave.

"Wonder how you'd like it, if, instead of painting when you felt inclined, you had to put your shoulder to the wheel all day for the sake of bread and cheese?"

"If you were unable to secure an engagement, she'd make your life a misery to you," observed Lord Ayrtoun.

"Oh, come," said Vavasour, "she's not as bad as that!"

"She is," declared his friend, "and you know it.

"It's of no good pretending you're blind. She's got the most horrible temper."

"For that matter," observed Vavasour, getting up and beginning to walk about the room, "so have I."

Lord Ayrtoun burst out laughing.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "What a picture of married bliss!"

"Well said Vavasour seriously, "it will be perfectly fair.

"Anybody can see that she wants to marry, and that she means to have a young husband.

"I suit her perfectly.

"If I am prepared to fulfil my part of the bargain, that won't include being her slave I can tell you.

"If I go about town with her, show everywhere in society, and do the right thing in fact, she'll have to make my life easy for me.

"And what's more she shall."

"Indeed!" was Lord Ayrtoun's brief reply.

He had taken up his palette again, and was busy mixing some colors to the shade he wanted.

"Don't you think I will get the best of it?" asked Vavasour presently, pausing in front of his friend and absently eyeing the mixing process.

"I don't know," replied the other; "but I do know that I wouldn't be in your shoes when you're married for ten times ten thousand a year."

"It will take a good deal of pluck," admitted Vavasour; "but then you know I'm as hard as nails; and I'm as poor as a rat.

"You can't imagine that state of things.

"You don't know what ten thousand a year looks like to me.

"And, after all, no life that I could lead with her would be worse than being on those hateful boards!"

"And in his profession," thought Lord Ayrtoun, "this man is regarded as an artist!"

Then he said, aloud, "All I can do is to wish you luck."

One day, when Lord Ayrtoun entered his studio alone, the sight of his own picture startled him.

It was advancing with considerable rapidity.

For some time he had been working with feverish excitement upon the figures which formed its centre.

To-day, as he came before his easel, something in the face of his Rosalind arrested his attention.

"It must have been there," he said aloud, "or I could not have painted it. And how is it that I have never understood that look until this moment?"

He sat down in a chair which stood before his easel, and fell into a mood of thoughtfulness so deep that it seemed as if he would never arouse from it.

His eyes remained fixed upon the face of his Rosalind.

It appeared to have in it some revelation to tell him something he had not known before.

"Was it yesterday I put it there?" he murmured presently, in a half-confused way.

The artist had put within those deep eyes upon that delicate mouth, that which the man had failed to see; or having seen, had failed to understand.

By the strange gift of his skill, it seemed to Lord Ayrtoun that he had surpassed himself.

It was just as though he had written what he had fancied to be ordinary verse, and had afterwards discovered it to be absolute poem, or as though he had scribbled some jargon, and afterwards found in it a truth hitherto unknown to himself.

For this Rosalind of his brush had a beauty of expression which he realized now for the first time and marvelled at; and that expression told him something.

Beneath the smile, the glance of wit and gentle wickedness, a soul looked out from this woman's face alight and aglow with love.

Looking at his work the artist knew he had done well.

But this feeling was drowned by another.

He repeated his first exclamation, after a long look at the picture—

"It must have been there, or I could not have painted it."

While he sat thus, absorbed in the idea which had been suddenly presented to him there came a knock at his studio door. It was Cynthia and Mrs. Vane.

The hour for Cynthia's sitting had come, and Lord Ayrtoun had absolutely forgotten it.

He hastily began to set his palette, while the two ladies entered and made themselves at home according to their different fashions.

Cynthia, after a long quiet look at the picture, went to her place and made her preparations, which consisted in throwing aside her bonnet and cloak and putting on some of the attire which belonged to Rosalind.

With the velvet hat and mantle, it seemed always to Cynthia that she put on something of the character of Rosalind.

It was enough for her vivid imagination to cling to.

Lord Ayrtoun, who was watching her keenly and with a new attention, saw the change in her face as she put on Rosalind's wide woodland hat, with its long feather.

Cynthia's was an artistic temperament; a very little gave her an excuse to forget herself and enter into another character. But still, though her face had altered, and Cynthia Gray—the grave, demure Cynthia—appeared to have put aside her graveness with her bonnet, yet there was not that look of a kindled soul upon it which made the canvas Rosalind so fair.

Mrs. Vane went up to the picture, and proceeded to examine it closely.

"Upon my word!

"This is getting on very well," she said approvingly.

"I'm glad to see you adopted my suggestion about the mouth—in the Rosalind, I mean.

"It's made all the difference.

"Rosalind wasn't a grave, sober soul like Cynthia.

"I should say she was more like your humble servant, always laughing. That alteration of the mouth is an immense improvement, though."

"What alteration?" asked Lord Ayrtoun looking over her shoulder at his work. He was a little puzzled about it himself; perhaps Mrs. Vane could shed some light on his perplexity.

"Why, you've turned up the corners, as I told you to do yesterday morning. It looks now just as if she were dying to burst out laughing.

Lord Ayrtoun went on mixing his colors.

He could trust his memory so far that he knew perfectly well he had not touched the mouth for some days.

"Don't forget that was my idea," Mrs. Vane went on; "in fact, this picture's 'cram full' of my ideas.

"But that's the way with me—I'm always suggesting things to people, and get no credit for it.

"Half the battle's over, you know, when you've got the idea.

"Isn't it now?"

Cynthia laughed.

She had learned to be amused with her cousin's little foibles and not to take them seriously.

She was in an easy, happy mood this morning, very ready to smile.

Lord Ayrtoun, with the excess of brush and canvas, studied her face very earnestly. He failed to find the deeper color, the charm of unconfessed passion, which he saw upon the face of that Rosalind whom he had himself created.

He felt afraid to touch the face upon which he had been working, while he so ill understood the model which he imagined he had so thoroughly studied.

He did little actual work that morning, though the time passed on, and he stood before his canvas, brush in hand, while Cynthia kept her place with as complete a quiet as though she were a professional model.

Mrs. Vane was quiet too; she had picked up a French novel, and was lost in its pages.

While the studio was in this stillness, there came another knock at the door; and Vavasour entered.

"Hard at work, I can see," he said; "don't notice me.

"I know I'm before my time."

He made his way round the room, out of the way of artist and model, to where Mrs. Vane sat.

She looked up with a smile which showed all her white teeth, and gave him her plump tightly-gloved hand.

He drew a low chair very close to hers, and began to talk in an undertone.

He seemed to have a great deal to say; but he spoke too low for the others to hear what was the subject of their conversation.

Cynthia did not alter her position, or take any notice of his arrival; and yet, when Lord Ayrtoun looked back to her face, after a glance at Vavasour, and then a mechanical glance at his palette to see what color he was taking into his brush, he remained quite as still as his model, with his brush held ready for use, but not used. For the face he was studying had changed—changed as though a soul had been suddenly breathed into the body. There was still the smiling eyes and merry lips of Rosalind; but, besides, there was a vivid light, a passion, and a fire.

No longer was this merely a pretty girl who might mock her lover, it was a woman with a strong love in her heart.

Was it for Vavasour then?

That was the thought that immediately came into Lord Ayrtoun's mind and crowded out every other.

For Vavasour!

Evidently it was so.

"I have been blind—blind!" he said to himself.

And, with a sudden sharpness, he realized how entirely he had let himself live in the thought of Cynthia.

She filled his world; she was everything to him.

"And that look on her face is for Vavasour!" he thought, with increasing bitterness, as his eyes turned from her to the young actor who was her hero.

"What a mockery!

"Vavasour is blind and deaf to any woman without money. He will marry for nothing else.

"And this girl, who is perfect, is to worship him, while he makes diligent love to the possessor of ten thousand a year.

"There is something rotten in the state of Denmark when such things as this can be!"

Presently he threw down his brushes and put his palette aside.

"I can't work to-day," he said. "Vavasour, I won't ask you to sit for me."

"You've been working too hard lately," observed Vavasour.

"What on earth a man in your position, with as much money as you can want, goes working away like a mill-horse for I can't understand.

"I never work unless I'm obliged."

"Do you mean that?" asked Cynthia, with an air of seriousness.

"Indeed I do, Miss Gray," replied Vavasour.

"Nonsense! He is joking," interposed Mrs. Vane.

"He glories in displaying himself to an admiring public.

"He's as vain as you or I, Cynthia. Don't you believe him, when he abuses his profession.

"Send me some more German books; will you Lord Ayrtoun?"

"Not if you return them as you did the others," replied the young man, who was full of a sense of irritation which made him feel ill-humored.

"How?" asked Mrs. Vane.

"What do you mean? What did I do to them?"

"Nothing—only you didn't cut the leaves."

Cynthia turned, pausing in the act of putting on her bonnet, to look at her cousin.

Mrs Vane talked a good deal about reading German, and professed an amount of varied learning, which had, at different times, filled Cynthia with a certain sense of awe. She knew that Mrs. Vane had professed to study various heavy volumes of German philosophy, which she had borrowed from Lord Ayrtoun.

Mrs. Vane's flippant speech and ill-used English, combined with her professed capacity for reading solid authors and divers languages, had of late filled Cynthia with some wonder.

But Lord Ayrtoun's speech shed a new light on the subject.

Cynthia saw that her cousin changed color as he spoke, and a look came into her face that was not pleasant to see.

Vavasour, with great gravity, came to the rescue.

"My dear fellow," he said, "if you were ungallant enough to send Mrs. Vane the books uncut, you must expect them to be unread.

"A lady of fashion has no time to attend to such things.

"You might expect her to make her own dresses.

"She has time to wear them, and that is all.

"There ought to be people whose business it is to condense the learning of the past and the news of the present into a pill-like form, to be swallowed during spare moments by leaders of society who have no time to read for themselves.

"What do you think of the idea, Mrs. Vane?"

"Admirable!" she exclaimed, with a look of more openly tender regard than she had ever given him.

"My dear fellow, you're a perfect genius."

Lord Ayrtoun, who was out of humor with the world at large, looked at her with a dreadful gravity in his face.

But Mrs. Vane was indifferent to his stolid regard while she had Vavasour to smile when she smiled, to laugh when she laughed, to echo her moods and fancies.

She had never seriously entertained the idea that Lord Ayrtoun would ever want to marry her.

Her woman's wit told her that Vavasour was set on it.

And the match, penniless though he was, was a vast deal better than she had hoped for for a long time past. For he was handsome, popular, admired, successful, and, above all, young!

That day was not a happy one for Lord Ayrtoun.

He let Vavasour escort the ladies home, and lunch with them.

He would not go himself. He wanted to be alone in his studio, that he might freely rail at fortune.

He looked at his picture by the hour; but he did not touch it with his brush. His love for his art was drowned by his love for woman.

If Cynthia Gray was to waste her heart on an ingrate like Vavasour, what was the use of painting a good picture or indeed of doing anything at all?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bachelor and Maid.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

MR. JEREMIAH SCUTTLE was an elderly bachelor of independent means, gifted with a nature that was sensitive and delicate to the highest degree.

Naturally susceptible and romantic, he was continually falling in love, the celerity with which he fell a victim to the tender passion being only equalled by that with which he extricated himself from the toils.

To this latter fact may be attributed his being still a bachelor at the discreet age of fifty two.

In person he was short and stout, his chief marks of distinction being a very bald head, and an exceedingly red face.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages, Mr. Scuttle still retained all his old youthful fire and romance, and was chivalrous and sentimental in the extreme.

But the time came at last when Mr. Scuttle was inextricably caught in the toils of love.

He lived and breathed for one being only and for him the world contained but one person, that person being the adorable Angelina Tomkins.

Miss Tomkins was a fair young thing about seven-and-forty, who was about too ethereal for this world.

She was the fortunate possessor of the most beautiful nut-brown ringlets that it had ever been Mr. Scuttle's lot to feast his eyes upon.

It was those curls that had done the whole business, for Mr. Scuttle had followed Miss Tomkins about like a shadow, before he had found courage to speak to her, for the sole purpose of admiring those beautiful curls.

Followed her until in less than a week he lost seven pounds in weight, for the fair Angelina was a vigorous walker and delighted in long constitutionals—constitutionals which were not adapted to the size and weight of Jeremiah Scuttle.

However, he stood it manfully, although upon several occasions he had been obliged to divest himself of coat and hat, and carry them on his arm.

But the ice was broken at last.

They were introduced by a very common friend.

They conversed, they loved.

And Mr. Scuttle only waited a fitting opportunity for laying his hand and heart at the feet of the fair Angelina.

Such was the state of affairs when Miss Tomkins sought change of air and scene at a small but well-known watering - place upon the shores of Kent.

It is unnecessary to say that she was soon followed there by her ardent admirer, who arrived one evening about a week after Miss Tomkins' advent, and determined to surprise his fair one upon the morrow.

The thought of being again in the same neighborhood with Miss Tomkins prevented his obtaining much sleep that night and the next morning he was to be seen on the beach almost before anyone else was stirring.

The bathing machines were all drawn up in a row upon the beach, and as his eye fell upon them, a bright idea rushed through his mind.

He would have a bath.

Mr. Scuttle was an excellent swimmer despite his obesity, and the thought having once taken possession of his mind he proceeded to put it into execution.

But the only person to be interrogated upon the subject was a stupid-looking boy of about thirteen, who only shook his head and said his mother would be back in half an hour.

That he was only there to mind the machines, and didn't know anything about letting 'em out.

Mr. Scuttle was not made of the stuff that is easily daunted, and producing a sixpence from his pocket, he held it up temptingly before the boy's astonished eyes.

"Now, my boy, I'll give you this all to yourself if you will take me out in one of those machines."

The boy rose with alacrity.

"All right, governor," he said.

"Get in and take them towels with you, and I'll fetch the horse."

No sooner said than done, and five minutes later Mr. Scuttle was enjoying himself in the sea.

It was a lovely balmy morning in August and Mr. Scuttle struck out with a will, and was soon out of sight of the machine, which he had had dragged some distance from the shore.

Great was the horror and consternation when he came back to find several machines drawn up alongside his, and to see four or five members of the fair sex disporting themselves very gracefully in the water.

The ladies were not performing the regulation bobbing up and down with the rope, but hand in hand, at some little distance from the machines, were performing sundry graceful evolutions in a circle.

"Dear me," thought Mr. Scuttle, "this is a terrible state of things!

"I must get back to the sunshine at once.

"What wonderful foresight upon my part to have looked at the number!

"It was number six, I remember perfectly."

To his indescribable delight as he approached nearer, he discovered that number six was in rather an isolated position.

"It must have been moved," thought Mr. Scuttle.

And without bestowing another thought upon that matter, he swam to it as fast as possible, and breathed a prayer of thanksgiving when he entered it, his movements having been entirely unobserved by the ladies.

"Ah, my Angelina," murmured Mr. Scuttle as he vigorously applied the towel, "your faithful Jeremiah will soon be with you.

"I, oh, joy! shall soon be gazing upon those beautiful curls."

At that moment Mr. Scuttle raised his eyes, and, the arm which has raised to flourish the towel in exuberance of spirits fell to his side as though paralyzed.

His jaw fell, and his eyes started as though they would have bolted from their sockets.

"Gracious Heaven!" came at last from his stiffened lips: "am I in my senses, or am I haunted by that which is always in my thoughts?"

Mr. Scuttle rubbed his eyes with his trembling hand, and tottered nearer to the object which so fascinated him.

"Gracious Heaven!" again said Mr. Scuttle, while great beads of perspiration stood upon his brow. What can it mean?

"Surely this is no hallucination; and yet—and yet it cannot be that in very truth I behold my Angelina's curls?"

But it looked very like it.

There, hanging up daintily upon a nail directly before his eyes, were the beautiful nut-brown ringlets which had subjugated him two months ago.

He had gazed upon them too often and too long to be mistaken.

They were Angelina's curls, and—and

—

Before he could proceed further with his cogitations, there smote upon his ear such an appalling shriek that it nearly froze the blood in his veins.

"Merciful powers!" gasped the unhappy Scuttle; "that was Angelina.

"What can have happened?"—casting his eyes wildly round the machine for his garments, in which to quickly clothe himself.

Mr. Scuttle was almost paralyzed with horror to discover that the only garments the machine contained were decidedly of the female persuasion.

This fact, taken in conjunction with the curls, proclaimed the awful truth at once, and Mr. Scuttle fell backwards, limp with horror, as it rushed across his agonized brain.

Again the fearful shrieks of Angelina struck upon his ear, and mingling with the shrieks were the sounds of excited female voices, and the splashing of horses' feet in the water.

"What an appalling situation!" panted the horror-stricken Scuttle.

"I must have got into the wrong machine.

"And yet—and yet I'm sure six was the number.

"What is to be done?"

Suddenly he espied a bottle containing a dark liquid standing upon a small shelf. "Brandy, perhaps," thought the unhappy man; "what a providence!"—and seizing it with the avidity of despair, without further investigation he swallowed a portion of its contents.

"What have I done?" he shrieked, as he heaved with unspeakable nausea.

"I must be poisoned!"

With feverish anguish he gazed upon the label of the bottle.

It was hair-dye!

"Oh, Angelina, Angelina!" moaned the miserable man; "to think that you should be so utterly false—curls, and even the color of the hair, all false—all false!"

At this moment there was a loud knock at the door of the machine that almost galvanized him.

"I say," said a rough, coarse voice, "you'd better just come out o' this 'ere machine; you've made a slight mistake, ain't yer?"

"I'm afraid I have," groaned poor Scuttle in great anguish of mind—"a most unhappy most lamentable mistake, and yet I'm quite positive that the number of my machine was six."

"And this ere's sixteen, only the one's rubbed out," answered the boy. "But I say, governor, you ain't got no business here at all.

"Gents bathe the other side of the pier, and this 'ere part is for ladies only."

"Oh!" groaned Mr. Scuttle. "What is to be done?" he questioned in an agitated manner, for the machine was now being moved vigorously towards the shore.

"What is to be done?" echoed the boy, with a boisterous laugh that made Mr. Scuttle's blood boil.

"Why, you've got to clear out, governor, as sharp as you can, for the lady's a bustin' herself with the highstrikes over there in the other machine, so the sooner yer swaps the better."

"Clear out?" roared Scuttle, roused to frenzy.

"How can I come out?"

The boy roared with laughter. "All right governor," he said; "don't hurt yourself; we'll manage it if you'll keep yourself quiet; but if you goes on bouncing about in that awful way you'll bust out the bottom of the machine, to say nothing of getting spontaneous combustion on the brain yourself!"

Mr. Scuttle saw the wisdom of the remarks, and stayed his convulsive movements.

"My good fellow," he gasped in a faint voice, "I have no wish to offend you, but I really am in the most lamentable plight that it is possible for the human brain to imagine! I am paralyzed with horror at what has occurred; and to make matters worse, I am suffering agonies of sickness consequent upon my inadvertently swallowing some hair-dye."

"Oh, lor'!—oh, Jemima," shrieked the boy, relapsing into another convulsion of merriment.

"You must be a very unfeeling—I may say, brutal young man," wailed Mr. Scuttle, "to act in that rude and cruel manner!"

At this moment the machine was pulled up upon the beach.

"Now, then," said the boy, "I'll just bring you a few togs, and then you'll have to clear out sharp.

"I can't think how yer came to be bathing there at all."

"A little boy took me out," faintly answered Mr. Scuttle.

"Oh, that must have been Billy," said the boy; "he'll get a walloping if he doesn't mind."

"And I gave him sixpence," wailed Mr. Scuttle.

Another minute or two passed away in shivering anguish; and then there was a knock at the door, which Mr. Scuttle cautiously opened a little way, and put out his hand to receive a bundle which was handed in to him.

The bundle contained articles of clothing, evidently belonging to a very tall, thin man.

"Fate must be against me!" murmured Mr. Scuttle, as he surveyed the garments, and then glanced at his own proportions.

But there was no help for it; and as quickly as his trembling hands would allow him, he donned the clothes provided for him, suffering, however, additional anguish of mind from the fact that the inexpressibles were about three quarters of a yard too long for him, and that both coat and waistcoat positively refused to come very much more than half-way round his body."

"What must I do?" almost shrieked the unhappy man. "I cannot face the world like this!"

Suddenly he caught sight of a voluminous black silk cloak which he had frequently seen draping the shoulders of the fair Angelina.

Mr. Scuttle turned up his eyes in speechless gratitude, and, seizing it eagerly, was soon encompassed in its folds.

The next moment he opened the door, and with beating heart, tottered forth into the garish light of day.

A more forlorn or ludicrous figure than he cut it would be impossible for the most vivid imagination to conjure up, and his ears were instantly assailed by peal upon peal of laughter proceeding from the bystanders who had been attracted to the spot by Angelina's shrieks.

Mr. Scuttle darted a look of terrible reproach at them, and with unutterable dignity followed his friend, the boy, to a small tent that stood at a little distance.

"Now, then, governor, cheer up," said the boy; "the other party 'll be out in a moment, and then you'll be all right!

"Accidents will happen sometimes, and there ain't no very great harm done after all, I don't suppose!"

"Thank you," meekly answered Mr. Scuttle, feeling the kindness of the remark.

A fresh peal of laughter from the crowd on the beach induced him to peep outside, and he shook his head mournfully and groaned audibly as he perceived a tall, angular figure clothed in the most miscellaneous articles of female attire, approaching the machine which he had just left.

"Gracious goodness! it is Angelina!" he murmured.

Angelina wore an oil-skin cap upon her head, and as Mr. Scuttle gazed upon that cap, a strong shudder passed over him. He thought of the false curls and the hair dye, and he felt that the world to him had turned to dust and ashes.

In another moment he was in the machine which had been vacated by Angelina and it is needless to say that he at once arrayed himself in his own habiliments with all possible despatch.

Indeed, it may be said that he scarcely breathed until he found himself safely ensconced in his chamber at the hotel.

"I shall leave here to-night!" muttered he to himself.

"The place is hateful to me; my life is blighted irretrievably! I shall go home at once!" And he left for London the same evening.

On his way to the station he met Miss Tomkins, who still looked very pale and distressed.

"Angelina!" gasped Scuttle, as he came close to her, portmanteau in hand; "I trust Angelina, that—that——"

"Have you the audacity—the indelicacy—the indecency—to dare speak to me after what has happened?" said Miss Tomkins, in great excitement and agitation. "Brute! monster! fiend incarnate that you are! Away!

"Do not speak to me!—do not look at me!"

"I won't!" almost sobbed poor Scuttle.

"I am going—going as fast as I can! But, Angelina, I swear——"

"Go away!" shrieked Miss Tomkins.

"I am going, Miss Tomkins!" said the unhappy Scuttle. "Farewell for ever!"

And with trembling steps the unfortunate man made his way to the station.

Mr. Scuttle and Miss Tomkins never met again, and Mr. Scuttle never pictures the beautiful curls that so won his heart without a shudder.

He tells himself his love was but a dream—a dream too sweet to be realized in this everyday world; and so he has settled down to the old-fashioned bachelorhood. But when anyone mentions or suggests anything about a sea-side trip, his heart turns sick with terror, for never as long as he lives will he forget his terrible adventure.

Bric-a-Brac.

UNDER THE ROSE.—Mythology relates that Love presented to Harpocrates, the god of silence, the flower that no one had ever seen, and that consequently had never revealed anything. Hence came the custom of suspending a rose from the ceiling of the room were families assembled, in order that discretion, of which it was a symbol, might become the guarantee of the sacred security of all their conversation. *Sub rosa* (under the rose) was a proverb that signifies: We can speak freely without suspicion.

NATURAL INCREASE.—Two rich Polish landlords agreed each to isolate two hens, two ducks and two geese from the poultry yard, and allow them to multiply for fifteen years. Superfluous male and malined female birds could be sold, but the total sale was not to exceed 10 per cent of the whole flock at the close of fifteen years. At the end of that term the possessor of the largest flock was to get the smaller flock and 10,000 rubles in cash, to be distributed among charitable institutions. Upon settling the bet a short time ago, the loser had 1890 hens 530 ducks and 276 geese, a total of 2696 birds. The winner had 1084 hens, 965 ducks and 895 geese, a total of 2944 birds.

THE DEAN AND THE BOY.—Some of the papers speak of the English Bishop of Rochester as "the Lord Bishop." He is a bishop and he is a lord, but no one in England would call him "The Lord Bishop." When Americans handle foreign titles they are very apt to be as successful as the New York boy-servant who was told, one morning, to go up and wake the late Dean Stanley, then on a visit to this country. He was told that in answer to the Dean's question, "Who's there?" he should say: "The boy, my Lord." He got along with the knocking at the door very well, but when it came to answering the Dean the best he could do was to call out: "the Lord, my boy."

THE REASON WHY.—According to an eastern legend, the nations of the world assembled at its division in the centre of the universe, casting lots by which their share was assigned to them. Some, however, refused to submit to a division by chance, preferring to divide the world and its possessions by an amicable arrangement. The Latins said: We will have our share in wisdom." "We want the sea," said the English. The Turks demanded the land, and France asked for gold and war. "We," said the Russians, "want the mountains and mines." The Servians, being questioned, said: "We? we will think about it," and to this day they have not come to any conclusion.

BLACK DECEPTION.—A new and novel parlor amusement for parties has recently been invented. The boys and girls are placed in two separate rooms. The girls are seated in a row, and each one has a chair in front of her. A young man is ushered out of the other room and chooses a seat. As soon as he is seated, the lady behind him proceeds to blindfold him with a silk handkerchief. This being accomplished, the negro cook comes in from the kitchen, kisses him, and returns to her hiding-place. The handkerchief is removed, and the youth struts proudly to a seat assigned to him on the opposite side of the room, where he licks his lips with great satisfaction and smiles at the girl who blindfolded him. Then young man No. 2 is led in and served in the like manner, to the great disgust of young man No. 1 and the general enjoyment of the female assembly.

FLOATING GARDENS.—Among the most remarkable illustrations of human energy are the floating gardens in Kashmir, in Eastern Asia, the more so that they are the work of an indolent population. For their creation an expanse of water about nine miles in circumference has been utilized, on which masses of weeds, grasses and aquatic plants grow and become intertwined and entangled. These form the soil as it were, on which cultivation is carried on. Divisions are made in them, they are cut level with the surface of the water and then banked over with river mud. Properly prepared for this purpose, this soil is sown with melons and cucumber plants, and a crop is raised which is unequalled in any country in quantity and quality. These melons and cucumbers are sold in a good season at the rate of ten or twenty for two cents; in dear seasons they bring two cents apiece. Floating gardens in Mexico are upon much the same plan, but are usually devoted to the culture of flowers.

A DOG'S REVENGE.—A large Newfoundland and a Gordon setter occupied quarters next each other on account of their non-combative dispositions. A dozen yards away was the temporary home of a two-year-old collie, who had the privilege of wandering about the yard without restraint. One day he took the liberty of poking his nose into the feeding pan of the large dog, a liberty that was resented by a sound thrashing. The collie determined upon a plan of revenge from that moment. He went into his kennel and remained there the best part of the day. Towards evening he came out, and going to a corner where there is a pile of loose bricks, he seized one with his teeth carried it to the Newfoundland's box, and dropped it in front of the opening without being detected. He carried no less than sixty of the bricks and put them in front of the enemy's house while he slumbered and slept. Then he stationed himself in a corner close by and barked with all his might. The Newfoundland responded to the challenge with a deep growl and made an effort to come out, but the bricks prevented him, while the collie jumped about and gave vent to his delights in shrill yelps.

GONE AWAY.

BY A. TENNYSON.

I will not think of thee as cold and dead,
Low lying in the grave that I can see,
I would not stand beside when life had fled
And left thy body only, there for me.
I never saw thee with thy pale arms crossed
On that unbeating heart that was mine own.
They only told me all that I had lost
When from thy breast thy lovely soul had flown.

Thou wert not that! and so I turned away,
And left the house when other mourners stayed;
Nor did I come on that unhappy day
When in the tomb that dreadful thing was laid.
To me thou art not dead, but gone an hour
Into another country fair and sweet,
Where thou shalt by some undiscovered power
Be kept in youth and beauty till we meet.

Thus I can feel that any given day
I could rejoice thee, gone awhile before
To foreign climes to pass dull weeks away
By wandering on the broad Atlantic shore;
Where each long wave that breaks upon the sand
Bears thee a message from me waiting here,
And every breath Spring breathes across the land
Seems as a sign that thou art near.

So I will think of thee as living there,
And I will keep thy grave in sweetest bloom
As if thou gavedst a garden to my care
For thou departed from our English gloom;
Then when my day is done, and I too die,
'Twill be as if I journeyed to thy side;
And when all quiet we together lie
We shall not know that we have ever died.

TWICE MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

WINIFRED trembled from head to foot and hurried forward, regardless of the direction she took, the steps still following, and her own name still sounding in the same strange, low tones.

The pursuer gained on her, nearly touched her.

Winifred screamed, gave a frantic bound forward, and encountered another person coming slowly towards her.

The shock was too great.

She uttered another groan of exhaustion and terror, and fell senseless into the arms of the young clergyman.

It was a sufficiently embarrassing situation for Mr. Thornton.

He would willingly have pursued the retreating steps of the evident cause of the young girl's alarm and illness, but he could not place Winifred on the damp ground in the thick darkness, nor, with his senseless burden in his arms, had he the least chance of coming up with the fugitive.

The wisest, though the least agreeable course, was therefore to hurry as fast as possible to Llanover Farm, and trust to further inquiries to discover the author of the mischief.

It was a quarter of an hour or so before Winifred opened her eyes, or the color began to return to her cheeks, but as soon as these signs of animation appeared, the clergyman prepared to take his leave.

"I am going to dine at the Grange," he said, "and I am already late.

"I will call to-morrow and see how Miss Herbert is after her fright.

"I will also consult with Sir William as to the necessary steps to be taken to discover the scoundrel."

The farmer and his wife hastily thanked him for his kindness, but their attention was too much engrossed with their daughter to pay much heed to his words.

Mr. Thornton went forth in the darkness his eyes dazzled by the light he had just quitted, and for some time he neither heard nor saw anything in the strange, thick atmosphere which deadened alike both sounds and objects.

His direct way was through the wood, but he thought it more prudent to go round near the Mill Bridge, where the road was more open and less dangerous.

He went carefully on, feeling his way with a thick stick, he had brought by way of precaution from the farmer's, more engrossed with thoughts of Winifred, and her late escape and agitation, than any danger to himself.

Suddenly the sound of the dull stream recalled him from this abstraction to the necessity of some extra caution in pursuing his way, till fairly out of the neighborhood of the river, which he would leave behind him by a turn in the road a few yards distant, which he must trust to his good sight and good stick not to miss.

He paused for a few minutes to consider the exact spot in which he found himself, before proceeding further, when a sound of voices came dull and indistinct through the dense atmosphere.

He listened, hoping for some companion in his walk, but the tone of the voices was strange to him, and for a minute or so he could not catch any intelligible words to guide him in their identity.

The first sentence he could distinguish was spoken in a hoarse, thick voice.

"I tell you I dare not have said one word."

Then came an indistinct reply, the purport of which he could only imagine from the next sentence.

"Why am I here?

"Because it suits my plans.

"Because I am not to be watched and ordered like a criminal."

There was a low, mocking laugh, a smothered curse, a dull, indistinct scuffle, a splash in the water, and then a dead silence, more fearful than the most tumultuous strife.

Charles Thornton stood horror-struck, powerless, uncertain what to do.

How best to help the victim and punish the assailant.

It was indeed a day of horror for the curate, aggravated by the deep obscurity in which each object, each deed was wrapped.

Winifred Herbert's danger had brought strange revelations of the state of his own heart, which produced no little agitation in a singularly reticent and abstracted mind, and ill-prepared him for the shock his nervous system had now received.

But he was a brave and unselfish man, and no considerations of mere personal suffering or danger would have paralyzed his efforts to help and avenge the sufferer in that dark, lonely spot.

But to what avail would he thus expose his life?

The risk of falling into that deep stream, or into the power of the guilty murderer, who would even in mere self-defence strive to destroy such evidence of his crime.

In daylight, even in an ordinary evening darkness, Charles Thornton would not have hesitated a moment to risk his own life in an encounter with the assassin; but in that dense, baffling fog, it was certain destruction both to himself and to any chance of detection of the criminal.

He waited for some minutes, debating and listening eagerly for every sound, but all was still.

The victim was silenced, perhaps for ever, and the murderer had escaped under cover of the gloom of the night.

Mr. Thornton hastened on with feverish haste, eager to procure help and counsel at the Grange, which was not more than a quarter of a mile distant.

He entered the large gates, which were open, a circumstance which would have struck him as unusual, had his mind been less pre-occupied.

The door of the cottage of the gardener, which was immediately within the little domain, was also standing open, and no living object, save a large dog, which came out to examine the new-comer, appeared in the clean little apartment.

Surprised at the deserted and unprotected state of the grounds on such a night, he nevertheless hurried on, and was within a few yards of the house when he heard steps coming towards him.

At such a moment, the slightest occurrence appears strange and menacing, and the young curate's pulse beat high and quick as he demanded, "Who comes?"

The voice which replied sounded familiar, and yet strange and unnatural in its tone.

"It is I, Evan Lloyd; you are late, Mr. Thornton!"

The clergyman gave an exclamation of relief.

"Thank God!" said he; "you are the very person I would wish to meet.

"Mr. Lloyd, there has been foul play in our neighborhood to-night."

"What next?" said the young man, with a forced laugh.

"Well, Llanover seldom has any excitement," he added, "and it will be quite a novelty."

"It is no jest," said the young clergyman, indignantly.

"I fear a murder has been committed under cover of this terrible fog.

"We must take some measures immediately to ascertain the fact.

"I was hurrying to request your father to send some of his servants at once with torches to examine the spot where I believe the crime has been committed."

"Do no such thing," said the young man, abruptly.

"Are you dreaming or mad, Evan Lloyd?" exclaimed Mr. Thornton.

"Would you leave such a barbarous crime unpunished?"

"I would not make matters worse," replied Evan, in a tone which, in spite of his evident efforts, was forced and unlike himself.

"My father and mother are both very nervous this winter, and I would not, on any account, risk such a shock, especially at this hour.

"If you will leave it to me I will send out proper persons to investigate the matter.

"But is it not possible that you have been deceived?

"It is so difficult to distinguish sounds on such a night as this."

"I was not deceived," retorted the curate, firmly.

"I would swear to all I heard, so vivid is it in my mind."

They had now arrived on the porch of the large, old-fashioned doorway, and the light of the lamp fell on Evan's face.

It deadly was pale.

As he was about to ring the bell, Mr. Thornton laid his hand on his.

"Mr. Lloyd," said he, "what are you going to do in this matter?

"I cannot answer to my conscience to leave it without immediate and thorough investigation."

"You are a regular detective, sir," returned Evan, bitterly.

"Why should you doubt me?

"What should prevent my doing all that is right in the matter?

"I confess I am rather sceptical as to the correctness of your senses."

"I do not know why I should doubt you sir.

"There are many mysteries we cannot fathom," replied the young man, gravely; "and what should prevent you doing what is right in the matter is not my business; but, as to the investigation, I am determined."

"Don't disturb your mind, my good sir," said Evan.

"I will send down to my overlooker to order half-a-dozen of the men out to explore the place, and to-morrow morning you can hear for yourself the result of their researches.

"But I must stipulate for a truce to any further horrors to-night.

"So, after all this dose, let us eat our dinner in peace."

There was a light, forced tone of gaiety in Evan's words and manners, which surprised and disgusted the young clergyman.

But he saw that he could not make any further opposition to what seemed a reasonable plan.

And as a guest at the Grange, it was not for him to disturb the peace of its inmates for no earthly purpose but the relief of his own mind.

"You had better come to my room and refresh yourself, Mr. Thornton," said Evan.

"You look very much as if you had been in a river yourself, or——"

"'Tis not a business to jest about," said Mr. Thornton, interrupting him.

"I will comply with your request, and keep the matter quiet for to-night, but that is the utmost I can do consistently with my conscience."

"Perhaps your conscience will allow you to drink a glass of wine, and arrange your dress a little before going into my mother and sister," retorted Evan, very sarcastically.

"That is all I ask of you at present."

Mr. Thornton simply bowed and followed Evan into his room, or rather the apartment which was considered his, notwithstanding his voluntary exile from his home.

Evan took from a cupboard a bottle of sherry, poured out a glass for his guest, then drank two or three himself in quick succession.

"This cursed fog has got into my throat," he said, in reply to Mr. Thornton's involuntary look of surprise, "and it won't do to horrify my good mother by looking like a wet blanket."

The fog certainly did appear to have affected him strangely, for his hand shook visibly, and his teeth now and then clenched sharply together, as he began to apply the usual refreshment of water and brush to his face and hair.

As he lingered behind for an instant whilst Mr. Thornton passed from the room the latter observed him hastily drink another glass of wine ere finally closing the cupboard which contained it.

Mr. Thornton knew the habits of fast University life intimately enough to suppose all this might be very natural on so chilling and gloomy a day as the present; but something in the manner of his companion and the unnatural levity with which he had treated the awful occurrence of the evening, made him connect this strange demeanor, and unusual craving for stimulus, with the fate of the unfortunate man who had met with a watery grave on that dismal night.

The dinner passed away in constrained and spasmodic attempts at cheerfulness.

Sir William was apparently pre-occupied by some not very pleasant subject of thought, and his wife was always affected like a barometer by his mood for the time.

Lucy was more than once abstracted and silent, and her eyes frequently wandered to the face of her brother, which was now flushed and excited after the pallor and depression of an hour before.

Evan himself rattled away with reckless gaiety.

It met with little response, and only made the depression of the rest of the party more visible from the contrast.

It was therefore a relief to all parties when Thornton rose to go.

"Are you coming out, Mr. Evan?" he said.

"No—I shall stay here to-night," he replied.

"I've had enough of the atmosphere for one day, and the seniors always profess to consider this my rightful home till I take to myself a wife."

"Better come," said the curate, in a low voice.

"Why?

"What for?" demanded the young man, so sharply, that Mr. Thornton started.

"To give the necessary orders about this wretched business," he returned, very gravely.

"For Heaven's sake, man, don't harp on that string for ever!" said Evan.

"I tell you I have done all that is possible, and I shall be at the mill early in the morning."

"Shall I call and see Evans?" asked the clergyman.

"You would not find him up," replied Evan.

"And besides, he would not thank you for disturbing him.

"I strongly advise your going quietly to bed, as I intend to do.

"In the morning we'll discuss the matter, if that will satisfy you."

"In the morning!"

Who knows, when using that oft-repeated phrase, what may happen before the morning?

Who of the inhabitants of the Grange or the peaceful village of Llanover had any presentiment of the events which would occur after they had returned to their homes on that memorable night?

Not one, or perhaps only one.

The weather had completely changed during the evening.

The fog and mist had cleared away, and ere midnight had wrapped, not only the villagers, but the households of the few gentry of the neighborhood, in slumber; the moon rose, strugglingly and faint, but still with power enough to throw light on the country and buildings of that quiet village.

By its silvery, uncertain light, a figure had just emerged from the stable of the Grange, leading a horse quietly and slowly along the grass by the side of the carriage drive.

The thick turf deadened all sound of footsteps either of man or beast.

And so long as they remained within sight or hearing of the house, this caution to avoid observation or discovery continued.

No sooner, however, had they cleared the little domain, than the man mounted the docile animal, who seemed to obey his every motion or sign, and rode swiftly away in the direction of the bridge.

One hour passed away, and then the same scene was re-enacted by the same figures on their return.

The horse was carefully replaced in his stable, the saddle taken off, the door locked, and the midnight horseman re-entered the mansion of the Grange, fastened the small side door by which he had found egress and ingress, and sought his own apartment which had been carefully secured on the outside, to prevent all possibility of discovering his absence.

Then, with a deep sigh, or rather groan of exhaustion after intense excitement and exertion, he lay down on his bed.

"Safe, safe," he muttered, as he covered his head from the faint light that could enter the room on such a night.

"And now for sleep.

"But ah!—shall I ever know quiet sleep again?

"They say there is no rest for the guilty."

CHAPTER X.

FIRE! fire!"

The cry was new and fearful in Llanover, where such a calamity was only known in name, or from the accident and comparatively harmless firing of some over-heated hay rick.

But now the word was shouted, and the reality too surely justified the appalling cry.

The mill was on fire!

The strange and startling events of that memorable night were not at a close when that solitary horseman had returned from his nocturnal expedition.

At that darkest hour of night which precedes the morning dawn, flames had burst forth from the flax mill so lately in the possession of the heir of the Grange, and there appeared little hope of saving the building or its contents from destruction.

Not an engine was to be obtained within three miles of the village, and the fire had burst out with such singular fury and violence, and the food furnished for it by the machinery and stock was so peculiarly favorable for its progress, that no possible effort could be reasonably supposed to avail for conquering the flames.

The alarm had spread like lightning from cottage to cottage, from the mill to the parsonage, from the parsonage to Llanover Farm, and in less than an hour from the first appearance of the red, lurid light, a crowd of spectators and assistants had assembled at the spot.

Hugh Evans had been among the first, as was of course natural from the proximity of his dwelling, and at once took the lead in ordering the willing but inexperienced and terrified crowd of workmen and peasants, who soon soon assembled.

Farmer Herbert and Mr. Thornton arrived almost together at the scene of action, and at the very time when Evans was directing his assistants to turn on the water to that part of the building which appeared the immediate source of the conflagration, the side where the rooms for the stock of flax and the spinning-machine were situated.

"Better save the part least injured," observed Mr. Thornton to the farmer, as they listened to these orders.

"I wonder where the books and cash are kept?"

"In the private room in this part of the building," replied the farmer.

"You are right, Mr. Thornton," he added, "there's no hope of saving that burning mass of tinder.

"Better do what is possible than waste time and strength like this. Where's Mr. Lloyd?"

"At the Grange," replied Mr. Thornton; "I left him there last night."

"That's unlucky," said the farmer. "Is he sent for?"

"I should think so; of course," was the reply, as the farmer rapidly left his companion and went to the overlooker, who was standing on the top of a small out-building.

"Evans," said he, "have you sent for Mr. Lloyd?"

"I've something else to attend to," was the gruff reply, and the overlooker turned to give another order.

"Here, Jones and Tennant, stand here: keep the buckets going on the flax room: steady and quick."

"You're wrong!" shouted the farmer; "there's no chance of stopping it there any more than turning the ocean.

"Keep the offices well drenched, and let the flames exhaust themselves; that's your only hope."

Evans turned a look of black, passionate rage at the adviser.

Then a change seemed to come over him, and he calmly replied:

"We must stop the fury of the fire here, or the whole place will be down.

"Will you see to the men on the other side, while I keep order here?

"I can't be everywhere; they are panic-struck, the fools!"

"Shall I send off to the Grange?" said the farmer.

"No, it will only terrify them, and do no good," said Evans.

"If they don't catch the alarm, so much the better."

Evans turned away, and the farmer hastened to the post assigned him, and certainly did good service by his cool courage and self-possession.

But no human power could resist that devouring element.

Burst upon burst of flame from new materials for its fury, or the apparently deadened embers it had already destroyed, baffled and wearied out the efforts of the crowd, unaided as they were by the help of engines.

And still the young master of the building did not appear.

Still those most interested were quietly reposing in calm unconsciousness of the calamity.

"'Tis strange Mr. Lloyd ain't here," said one.

"'Tis the first time I ever remember his being away since he lived here," remarked the man, who, with his wife, constituted Evans' small establishment.

"'Tis very strange how misfortunes do always come at the worst time," put in the wife, who was trembling and shaking near her lawful protector, after superintending the removal of their own property from the house.

"Good heaven! the house has caught!" cried the clergyman, who had been actively engaged in getting what things could be promptly saved out of the dwelling of his friend.

Another burst, with a report like a cannon, sent the crowd rushing wildly from the spot.

The tall chimney had fallen on the dwelling with an awful crash, and the next moment walls and timbers gave way, and the whole building was a mass of burning ruins.

"'Tisdone now, anyway," said one of the workmen bitterly, "and we are as clean ruined as the place.

"What's to keep us from the parish, I wonder, now?"

"Think of the loss to your young master, my good friend," observed Mr. Thornton, kindly.

"He is worse off than you are.

"We shall doubtless manage something to help you and your fellow-workmen, but Mr. Lloyd's loss will indeed, be terrible."

"Not a bit sir," said the man, who had but recently been taken on from a Liverpool factory; "why, he's insured for thousands, they say.

"'Tis well to be he, I say."

The man turned sullenly away, for his words were only heeded then as a sullen exhibition of disappointment and ill-feeling.

But they were remembered after with a deeper meaning.

It was just dawn on that chill October morning when Hugh Evans and Mr. Thornton arrived at the Grange.

The overlooker had requested the clergyman to accompany him on his painful errand, as a precaution, so far as Sir William and Lady Lloyd were concerned.

"I don't mind my master, sir," said Evans; "but I should not like to see Sir William or his lady.

"They'll be cut up sadly, I'm very much afraid."

Mr Thornton had certainly no particular desire to encounter this fresh trial after the shock of the evening before, but he was not a man that would shrink from any act of kindness or duty, and he reluctantly consented.

As they turned away the young curate gave a last look at the thrilling scene; and the incident of the day before, which had been almost driven from his memory for the moment by the absorbing interest of the fire, recurred to his mind.

The red, lurid light of the still flickering flames was cast on the stream beneath, and reflected in its depth with a dull glare, that looked like the mingling of blood with the clear waters.

Was it so?

Was the blood of a human being in that pure stream, and the destruction of that ponderous mass, with its store of wealth, a mere trifle in comparison to the cutting short of a life—the untimely call of a soul before its hour to the great bar of judgment?

Such was the thought that flashed across the curate's mind as he gave that rapid glance at the melancholy mass of ruins and the dimly-lighted stream beneath.

"Did you learn anything of the poor fellow's fate last night, Evan?" he said, as they walked along.

"Who?

"I didn't know that anybody about here was very ill just now.

"Has any one died lately in this parish, sir?"

Mr. Thornton looked keenly at the man, but the still obscure light baffled all attempt at examination.

"Did not Mr. Lloyd send to you last night, then?" he asked.

"I had no message from my master after he left, sir.

"But, there; I was at Farmer Herbert's, and that might account for it."

Mr. Thornton hesitated; his mind was greatly perplexed and troubled.

What did all this mean?

What could be the secret of Evan's singular indifference and reluctance to investigate the mystery of the previous evening?

The curate shuddered as if he had committed a crime at the thought that involuntarily rushed into his mind.

"God forgive me for want of charity," he murmured.

"No, no, it is too dreadful!"

"It was some accident which I feared had occurred in the fog last evening," said the curate, acting at once on the repentant impulse.

"I thought I heard some one fall into the river as I went to the Grange, and I asked Mr. Lloyd if he would have some inquiries made.

"No doubt he sent while you were from home."

He then hastened his steps, as if to avoid further discussion.

But still, the thought would recur like a spectre to haunt him, as he hurried along the road to the Grange.

The shutters were scarcely taken down, and the servants sleepily beginning their morning tasks, when they arrived at the house.

"Go to Mr. Lloyd's room, and say that I am here on urgent business," said Evans, perceiving at a glance that not a suspicion of the truth had reached the Grange.

"But, Mr. Evans——" began the servant.

"Do as I bid you," said the overlooker, peremptorily.

"I will hold you blameless with your master."

The man looked doubtingly at Mr. Thornton.

"He is right," the curate hastened to assure him.

"Do as he bids you, my good fellow—it is all right."

The man hesitated no longer, but went off on his business.

In a few moments he returned with the direction for the overlooker to follow him to the young man's apartment, and Mr. Thornton was left alone.

He could not rest in one spot, but paced up and down the room with hurried strides, now listening to the sounds in the house, now standing abstracted and motionless, thinking over the strange and inexplicable events of the past twenty-four hours.

And mingled with these harassing reflections came the image of Lucy Lloyd, the fair, bright, innocent sister of the man he feared to suspect as guilty of one of the foulest crimes that could possibly disgrace humanity.

It was but a few hours since he had confessed to himself that he loved Lucy, and even now it was not from any hope of winning her that he shrank from condemning her brother.

But he so associated all that was innocent, and pure, and happy, with the young girl, that he would have willingly sacrificed his own happiness rather than have found one so near and so dear to her guilty of such a crime.

Lucy, the sister of a felon!

Her bright young life clouded, her name disgraced!

No, the very idea was too revolting to be entertained, and he was actually relieved by the entrance of Sir William, always an early riser, now somewhat disturbed by the unwonted sound of strange voices in the hall at that hour.

"Thornton, my good friend, what's the matter?" he asked.

"You look like a ghost; and I hear Evan is with my son.

"What on earth has happened—tell me, Thornton."

"A misfortune, my dear sir," replied the curate.

"But not one I hope irretrievable or permanent."

"There has been an accident at the mill."

"Who? what?" said the baronet, anxiously.

"One of the Llanover men?"

"No, no accident to the men, or any living being, happily," replied Mr. Thornton, though his heart smote him as he uttered the words.

"It is the mill that has suffered. A fire has broken out.

"But, to speak plainly, all efforts to conquer it proved futile.

"The building is detroyed, but I hear it is well insured."

Sir William turned pale.

His kind heart reverted at once to the ruin the calamity would bring on numbers of the poor inhabitants of the village, and the blight it would prove also to his son's prospects.

The compensation would be put a poor remedy for these evils.

He sat down, and tried in vain to collect his thoughts and gather composure before replying to his kind, considerate companion.

"It is indeed a calamity, Mr. Thornton," said he.

"What was the origin of the conflagration?

"Where was my son?"

He spoke dreamily and unconnectedly, as if his thoughts were wandering far from his words.

"Singularly enough, Mr. Lloyd was away," replied the curate.

"You remember that he slept here last night.

"Evans is with him, and no doubt he will soon be here himself."

The door opened as he spoke, and they expected to see either Evan himself or the overlooker; but it was only the old servant, who acted as coachman, groom and head gardener at the Grange.

His face wore a strange, half-comically bewildered look, which portended important news.

"I beg pardon, Sir William," said he, "but I thought it my duty to come at once sir, and tell you a very surprising circumstance that has happened during the night, sir.

"Black Bess has been out, and ridden terribly, sir, since I littered her up and left the stable last night.

"She's all mud, and the saddle's not where I left it.

"And there's no gainsaying it, some rascal had the poor animal out.

"And I do hope, sir, you'll have the thing looked into, and the scoundrel severely punished."

David might have gone on for at least another quarter of an hour without being stopped by either his master or Mr. Thornton.

The curate started involuntarily at the first sentence, and uttered a suppressed exclamation of surprise and horror.

Sir William turned another shade paler, and sat even more rigid and motionless than before.

A vague feeling of doubt and suspicion, too terrible to put in shape even to his own mind, had seized the high-minded father of Evan Lloyd.

And his faculties were too stunned and bewildered by the suddenness of the blow to comprehend at once the necessity of concealment.

Mr. Thornton's own ideas gave him a key to those floating in the baronet's mind, and it came to his relief, as soon as the first surprise of David's intelligence allowed him to speak naturally.

"My good fellow, I am not at all surprised," said he.

"You do not know that Llanover Mill was burnt down last night, and I should not wonder if it turned out that the supposed culprit was only pressing the horse into your master's service, without leave, in order to fetch an engine."

"Hardly, sir," said the Welshman, who was not so easily satisfied.

"He'd have to come to me when he got so far, if he'd been an honest man, and fetched me and young Will to help.

"But I'm sorry to hear it.

"'Tis a terrible thing, and what I never remember in Llanover, though I've lived for sixty years in the village."

"Well, well, leave it now, David," interposed Sir William.

"I have more important affairs to speak of just now, and it is very likely one matter will clear up the other."

David reluctantly retired, muttering as he closed the door:

"More important, eh? I'll never hold with that.

"You may build the mill, anyway, and not such a great deal of harm if it ain't there at all, but you can't soon get another Black Bess."

And the discontented groom vented his displeasure by unsparing reprimands to his grandson, the said "young Will."

"This is bad business, my dear father," said Evan, entering the room immediately after, followed by the overlooker, "but I hope not so complete a finisher as Evans makes out."

"He can scarcely make out worse than the truth," said Mr. Thornton, in a grave tone.

"The mill and its contents are utterly destroyed."

"As I was saying to Mr. Lloyd just now, there will be little trouble with the insurance company," observed Evans with a grim smile. "They can't dispute that there is not fifty pounds' worth saved of the building or contents. If there was as certain an insurance on my life, I should expect to be sent out of the way pretty quick by the next to kin. Mr. Lloyd's got his own luck, after all."

"Do not speak so heartlessly on such a subject, Evans, in my hearing nor anywhere else, if you value my good opinion," said Sir William, looking sternly on the man. "Do you suppose money can make up for the desolation such a calamity will bring among hundreds, whatever we may try to do for them? I am so utterly prostrated by the blow that I cannot even think at present."

"It was strangely sudden," observed the clergyman.

"There was no trace of it when I last looked from my windows at midnight, and by three o'clock it was actually raging."

"At midnight," repeated Evan, eagerly.

"You were home long before that uncanonical hour, surely?"

He tried to smile as he spoke, but it was a bitter, unnatural attempt at an ill-timed jest, and he felt it, even before the grave rebuke of the curate's quiet look flushed his cheek with a transient sense of shame.

"If I had, the motive would well have caused the unusual irregularity, as you can guess," replied Mr. Thornton, meaningly.

"But as it happened, at the hour I refer to I was just preparing for bed, where, as you know, I did not long remain undisturbed."

Sir William had been apparently unmindful of this little dialogue.

He had sat abstracted and thoughtful for some minutes, his head half hidden in his hands, but when he once more looked up, his face had no longer the bewildered, helpless expression which the sudden shock had brought over it.

"It is no use speculating and lamenting when there is much to be done," he said, firmly.

"The first thing to discover, if possible, is the cause and the extent of this calamity, and then how it can be remedied.

"Mr. Thornton, you can be of the greatest use in the last inquiry.

"And even my Lucy can help us.

"She knows all the poor families for miles round."

Mr. Thornton simply bowed.

He did not wish to betray his joy at the idea of acting with Lucy.

"Evan, you and your overlooker must make every possible inquiry into the state of the premises, and the persons last at work there," continued the baronet.

"It will also be necessary to give notice to the insurance company at once."

"And they will help us, no doubt," observed Evan, bitterly.

"They won't fail to look into the matter, you may be certain.

"You may swear to that, sir," said the overlooker.

"And so much the better.

"There's nothing like a searching inquiry where things look queer."

Mr. Thornton involuntarily glanced at Evan.

His face was deadly pale, and at that exciting moment even Sir William's attention was attracted by his son's appearance.

"Why, Evan," said he, "this has been too much for you.

"You had better have some breakfast before you leave, and I will walk down with your overlooker.

"It seems the old bear trouble better than the young."

"No, no," said Evan.

"I had a bad headache yesterday, and of course this affair does not improve one's looks.

"I am quite well, and we had better lose no time.

"I will be ready in five minutes."

He left the room as he spoke, followed by Mr. Thornton.

"What is it?" he exclaimed, angrily, as the curate touched his arm.

"Really, Thornton, I have no time to spare for any troubles but my own."

"For common humanity and duty I hope you have, Mr. Lloyd," said the curate; "nay, I must insist on knowing what you did about that unfortunate man last night.

"I have blamed myself ever since for consenting to delay acting in the affair; it was criminal weakness on my part."

"'Pon my word, Thornton, you are only fit for old woman's gossiping tales," said Evan.

"I have every reason to believe that the whole affair must have been an illusion.

"I had the place searched with lanterns, and understand there was no trace of any one having fallen into the water.

"But I am perfectly confident it was not so," returned the clergyman.

"Nothing would shake the evidence of my senses, and I shall consider it my duty, without further delay, to give notice in the proper quarter of what took place."

"As you please," said Evan, carelessly; "I have other and more real anxieties to occupy me just now."

Mr. Thornton noted, however, the quiver of the angry lip and the glitter of the restless, wandering eyes, and he doubted the reality of the indifference thus ostentatiously displayed.

He made no further remark, and returned to the apartment where he had left the good baronet and the overlooker.

It was empty.

They had evidently left the house.

The curate was about to follow them, anxious to avoid a meeting with any other member of the family, when the very person he would most have shunned, just then opened the door which he was approaching, and Lucy nearly fell into his arms in the sudden rencontre.

"Thornton, I had no idea you had remained all night," she said, coloring.

"Nor have I, Miss Lloyd; but I came back early this morning, with more regret than I ever expected to feel in coming here."

There was an involuntary emphasis on the last word which Lucy did not notice at the time, though she remembered it after.

"What is it?—Evan," she exclaimed, eagerly.

"No, Miss Lloyd, nothing has happened to your brother except a heavy loss, which I trust will be only temporary," replied the curate.

"The mill is nearly destroyed by fire, but no other injury done."

"Thank God!" she murmured, fervently. "I was so frightened; I thought my brother was hurt or ill.

"Oh, I do not know what I should do if anything happened to him; I think it would kill me."

Poor Thornton! and yet he was planning what a vague, wretched presentiment told him might lead to the most terrible misfortune that could occur to this loved brother.

"You are very unworldly, Miss Lloyd," said he, "to consider this such a light calamity; but I can enter into your feelings and honor them."

"Where is my father?" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"Does he know of this?"

"Yes, and he is gone to the spot to take measures for the relief of the poor workmen," replied Mr. Thornton, anxious to turn her thoughts in a fresh channel.

"Oh, how dreadfully selfish I am not to think of them!" exclaimed the girl, tears springing to her eyes. "What can be done, Mr. Thornton? There are so many, and most of them so poor."

Mr. Thornton accomplished his object by at once giving Lucy occupation and thought which would draw her from sad reveries on the misfortune, and could now take his leave.

But what a wretched hour was that slow, solitary walk to his home!—what a terrible

conflict between his sense of duty, and the tenderest and most amiable feelings of his honest and noble heart!

CHAPTER XI.

THAT chill twenty-ninth of October was a strange and eventful day in Llanover.

The fire alone would have been excitement enough for weeks and months in that quiet, secluded spot; but it appeared that by some singular caprice, a number of stirring events were to be accumulated in breathless succession.

As the day wore on, new tidings of mysterious and startling occurrences were rapidly circulated among the little crowd of sad and wondering gazers at the ruins of Llanover Mill.

"They're awfu' times these," said an old Scotch shepherd; "Mr. Thornton you see, as good as heard murder committed in the fog yesterseen, though, they say, the body's not to be found.

"It's downright fearfu', and the same night as the fire.

"It's a wicked generation this."

"Why you don't call the fire wickedness, surely, Sandy?" said a young farmer, who had been very active in extinguishing the flames of the unlucky mill.

Sandy made no reply, but shook his thinly-covered head significantly.

"Sandy's right," observed a workman gloomily; "I dont remember two such things happening in one night as long as I ever heard tell of murder nor fires either—any way, not in such a place as Llanover."

"And what's stranger still," put in Mr. Thornton's old man servant, "I hear one of Sir William's best horses was pretty well ridden to death, in the night, and putting two and two, or you may say three and three together, I don't hesitate to say there's some queer doings about what we dont understand at present—there's something beneath that we don't know, and that's my judgment."

Robert Billings was a London man, and therefore his opinion was listened to with unusual reverence.

"Well, well, Sir William is a good man and it's a crying shame if any one injures him or his," said a Llanover weaver.

"He's promised to look to us all as much as he can, and if we have patience and will follow his advice, we shan't suffer much, I'll be bound.

"I only hope Mr. Evan may soon get all right again.

"I thought he looked like a corpse when he went away just now."

"It's enough to make him and us too," replied the man who had moralized so gloomily on the troublous events of the night.

"I say we're the worst off; wa've got no insurance money to make up for losing our work, and being thrown out of bread."

This man, Jonas Harper by name, was a native of Manchester, and he turned away with a dark scowl on his face, as if some personal injury had been offered him.

"That Jones is a crusty old grumbler," said the cheery young farmer.

"Don't mind him my men, but keep up heart, and let's all do our best to weather the storm that's come over Llanover all at once, and we shall soon have fair skies again."

"But the murder," whispered a buxom lass, the supposed sweetheart of the said well-to-do farmer, Hudson.

"What do they say about it, John dear?"

"Why, to say sooth, Patty it's an ugly business, my lass," replied her sweetheart.

"Mr. Thornton was going to the Grange in the fog yesterday, and heard high words, and a splash in the water, somewhere near the bridge, but Mr. Evan couldn't learn anything that looked like foul play, till just about half an hour ago, when a hat was brought in by David Johnson from the ford, where he had been fishing."

"But what had Mr. Evan to do with it?" asked Patty.

"Silly lass," said the young farmer.

"Why, of course, he could do no more than Mr. Thornton, who is but a stranger like and a clergyman into the bargain.

"Dont you know Sir William is a magistrate; only of course, it's better young Mr. Lloyd should see to these things now instead of the old gentleman."

Patty revenged herself for the insult to her understanding by a smart tap on the farmer's cheek as he stooped to snatch a kiss, and as dinner-time was now approaching, the crowd began to disperse for the time.

* * * * * *

A fortnight passed swiftly, yet wearily away;—swiftly for the busy agents of Sir William Lloyd in his schemes of benevolent aid for the sufferers in the late calamity; and wearily for poor Winifred Herbert, whose monotonous life was only relieved by constant comments on the singular conduct of her secret lover, and the remarkable circumstances which daily came to light connected with the late catastrophe.

Rumors were afloat that some large bags of flax had been seen at some distance from the mill on the night of the fire.

The utmost diligence had failed to discover the strong box which contained the money and valuable papers belonging to the business, though it could scarcely have been entirely consumed, notwithstanding the fierce heat of the flames.

Moreover, the cause of the fire was still wrapped in mystery, the men confidently swearing that there was no possible reason for the ignition on their leaving the mill.

Winifred was doomed to hear free and not friendly comments on these strange coincidences, without the comfort of her lover's sympathy and support to their stolen meetings. Evan went to London the day after the fire to arrange with the insurance company, and as his more staunch adherents declared, to procure a London architect to superintend the rebuilding of the mill at the earliest possible period.

Lucy Lloyd had been so entirely occupied with attendance on her mother, and assisting her father and Mr. Thornton in arranging plans for the temporary relief of the families thrown into destitution by the fire, that she had not been able to pay her usual visit to Llanover Farm, and Winifred had been restrained by some strange timidity from going to inquire for and assist her kind friends at the Grange.

It was a cold, but rather bright afternoon, and Winifred, weary of her own thoughts and her mother's complaining and unconnected remarks, put on her hat and cloak, and prepared to leave the house for a walk.

It was the first time for many days, and the air fell refreshing and pure to her aching head as she walked slowly along the road which led towards the stream.

She did not mean to go near either the bridge or the Grange, but she unconsciously took the places most interesting to her, and which had occupied her thoughts so incessantly for the last few months.

Perhaps she had a vague idea that the news she longed to hear might in some manner come to her if she took that direction, though she would not go to inquire for tidings where they would be certain to be found.

She had scarcely walked half-a-mile when she suddenly encountered the very person she would have least wished to meet—Hugh Evans, the overlooker who eagerly came towards her.

"Good afternoon, Miss Herbert," said he with an attempt at polished courtesy, which sat very awkwardly upon him; "I have not had the good fortune to see you since the great fire.

"You have been quite in concealment since then."

"I have not been very well," she replied, coldly enough to stop any further advance.

"This is the first time I have been out, and I dare not stand in the cold."

Winifred bowed, and would have passed on, but Evans was not to be so easily dismissed.

He walked on by her side, suiting his pace to hers with provoking precision.

"I fear you have sympathised too much with Mr. Evan," he continued.

"You know there are cases, Miss Herbert, where two persons are but one in hand and heart."

Winifred could not prevent a vivid blush from dying her cheeks absolute crimson, but she was too angry to submit quietly to the insult.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVER AND LORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ANGEL UNAWARES" "A SHOCKING SCANDAL," "SOWING AND REAPING," "PEGGY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

ALL that day and night Captain Bruce lay in the same helpless, hopeless state.

Life lingered still in the inert frame.

Somewhere behind the darkened eyes thought and sensation, memory, and power to suffer pain were to be found.

But for the present they were in abeyance.

Whether they would ever wake again the doctor would not undertake to say.

"It may be that he will recover—this is the first attack—or it may be that he will pass away in this stupor," the doctor said, with a compassionate glance at the girl upon whose fair delicate face some sudden blight seemed to have fallen, who evidently felt the situation deeply, and yet was able to receive his instructions with a sort of helpful self-control, while her mother, in another part of the house, passed from one fit of screaming hysterics to another.

Cristine, standing pale and silent at the foot of the great bed, looking at the gray face so pathetically changed, with its drooping lip and dull half-opened eyes, thought with a sudden vivid remembrance of the cruel news to which he must awaken, thought that, if Heaven were pitiful, it would be best that he should so pass away.

Involuntarily her thoughts translated themselves into words.

"Death would be mercy here," she said, in a low frightened whisper that struck on the listener's ear with strangely tragic force.

He turned and eyed the girl a little sternly.

Hitherto she had seemed anything but heartless, hitherto in his thoughts he had bestowed upon her the highest commendation.

But these words filled him with a quick revulsive disgust.

He was a stranger to the family, but a neighbor.

And, in common with all other neighbors, he had heard of the grand match that Captain Bruce's daughter had made.

The fashionable papers had overflowed with descriptions of the bride's trousseau, presents, grace, beauty, and general happiness.

Naturally, then, he expected her father to be one of the most proudly contented of men, and naturally also attributed this sudden attack to the over-excitement of the occasion.

In these circumstances Cristine's remark seemed as uncalled for as it was heartless and worthy of rebuke.

"Life is always best while Heaven wills that we should keep it," he said quite severely.

"Your father's state is most critical at present.

"But, if he is kept free from all excitement——"

"If," Cristine interrupted, with a convulsive shudder—"if his life depends upon his being kept from excitement, he will die in his first conscious moment."

"You have bad news for him then?"

Cristine, still staring at her step-father's face, bent her head by way of answer.

"It must be kept back at all costs," the man said peremptorily.

"Perhaps he knows it already?"

He does," Cristine said very quietly.

But, though the doctor lingered curiously, she vouchsafed no further information.

"So much for preconceived ideas," he thought, as he passed out into the brilliant summer morning.

"I took it for granted that triumph, and not trouble, knocked the poor old fellow down.

"I wonder what the bad news is.

"That young lady seems rather reticent, but, sooner or later, no doubt I shall know."

And before the day was many hours older not only he, but all London knew how terrible was the blow that had smitten Duncan Bruce to the earth.

The evening newspapers, the very newspapers that contained the stereotyped reporters' "gush" over the aristocratic wedding of the previous day, set forth in staring characters their sensational accounts of the "Horrible Tragedy in the West.

"Murder of a Bridegroom.

"Strange Disappearance of the Bride."

Before night fell, all England was talking of Lord de Gretton's murder, and the telegraph-wires were flashing the news all over the face of the globe.

Before night fell, the case had been tried by thousands of self-constituted tribunals, and an almost universal verdict found the absent Nora guilty of her husband's death.

It so chanced that Ela Joyce, who, as Nora's bridesmaid, had made the unlucky "Lucy Ashton" comparison, was at a garden-party, listening to the music of the Hungarian Band, and daintily eating an ice, when the horrible news was whispered from one to another through all the tents and across the velvet green lawn until it reached her ear.

She grew white as the ivory silk dress she wore, and dropped the china shell with a sharp incredulous cry.

"Oh, impossible!" she said very passionately.

"It is too horrible!

"Why, I——"

"You prophesied it," Sir. George Croueste finished, with something like a shudder.

"You did indeed, Miss Joyce; it is most extraordinary to me!"

And he walked away quickly, evidently resolved to trust himself in such a dangerous vicinity no more.

He admired Miss Joyce as much as it was in his limp nature to admire any created being but Sir George Croueste, her brightness, vivacity, and ready wit being, he thought, the proper complement of his more solid merits.

But from that moment he dismissed decisively all notion of making her his own.

"The girl has the evil eye, don't you know?" he would solemnly and with evident sincerity assure his friends when twitted with his sudden defection.

"It's an awful thing.

"But she has it.

"She put it on poor de Gretton yesterday, compared the bride to Lucia, and all that sort of thing.

"This is the end of it."

And meantime, while her mother raved helplessly in one room and her step-father lay in a horrible mockery of death in another, while the servants, with a ghostly relish, discussed the terrible tidings, Cristine Singleton, with cold trembling fingers, unfolded the newspaper and learned in detail how far her vengeance had outstripped her wishes, how utter was the ruin she had wrought.

"This morning the quiet Devonshire village of Stoke Vernon was electrified by a strangely horrible occurrence.

"Lord de Gretton, who was married only yesterday to Miss Nora Bruce, a young and beautiful lady to whom he was romantically attached, and who brought his bride to Cliff Cottage, the lovely marine villa of our respected county member, Mr. Dalmayne, was found stabbed to the heart and quite dead in the smaller library, as it is called, a room opening into the private apartments of the noble pair.

"The sad discovery was made by a servant, who, entering the room about seven o'clock to open the shutters, found them and the French windows widely open, the white mats and delicate-hued carpets covered with blood, and Lord de Gretton dead upon the ground.

"In his surprise and horror, the man uttered a loud cry, which quickly brought all the house to his assistance.

"A doctor, who was on the spot in a very few minutes, pronounced that life had been extinct some hours, and that death was the result of a stab from behind, a wound that could by no possibility have been self-inflicted, even were there any suggestion of suicide in the case.

"And now almost the strangest part of the story must be told.

"When the first thrilling excitement of bewildered horror had a little subsided, the servants began to think it strange that one person alone should sleep on undisturbed through all the din and bustle, and that the one whom the sad event principally concerned.

"Lady de Gretton's maid was deputed to break the news as gently as might be to the widowed bride.

"But the young woman soon returned, filled with horror and consternation, to announce that Lady de Gretton was nowhere to be found.

"Active inquiries were instituted and every effort made to trace the missing lady, but up to this moment without success.

"The tragic event has cast a gloom over the whole village and the neighboring town which, in this the annual Regatta week, is unusually full."

So ran the reporter's telegraphed communication, a mere meagre outline of the tale that would be fully told to-morrow.

But Cristine's guilty conscience could help her to fill in every detail and make the drama horribly complete.

Sitting in the falling twilight, with the helpless dying man for her sole companion, she saw the whole cruel scene enacted before her dry and burning eyes.

Not for one second did she doubt that, driven to actual madness, Nora had struck that desperate and fatal blow—not for one second did she doubt that, though she was amenable to no human law, and had in no way endangered her own life and liberty, in very truth the brand of Cain burned redly on her own brow, and that she, Cristine Singleton, was a murderess in the sight of Heaven.

She pushed back the soft fair hair that clustered on her smooth white brow, as though she really expected to find the fiery brand there.

Whatever of heart and conscience the girl possessed was stung into life at last—thought had become torture, her own society an unendurable anguish.

But there was no one to whom she could speak, no one to give her one grain of hope or comfort.

She had thirsted for vengeance on the girl who had innocently wronged her, plotted, planned, and prayed for it.

It had come now, and, in the full fruition of her wicked wish, she felt that her own punishment had begun.

Why had she always hated Nora Bruce?

She asked herself the question now as she had often asked it before.

But never until now had she given it a truthful answer.

Because she had always wronged her. As a young girl, she had taken the child's place in her father's house, as a young woman kept her jealously in the background, until the beauty she had decried and ridiculed and secretly envied had outshone her own pale charms and won her lover from her.

Then the latent fire of hatred had leaped into living flame, and she had sworn that in some fashion or other she would crush her sister-rival.

Now that vow was kept.

Nora was crushed indeed—a fugitive—a murderess.

With a low shuddering cry, Cristine covered her eyes, and knew at last how bitter is the rotten heart of that tempting Dead-Sea fruit that men call human vengeance. She had bitten it through to the very core, and its burning gall must sting and blister on her lips for ever.

A light tap at the door roused her from her miserable dreamings.

She turned and saw a woman-servant with a look of mysterious importance beckoning her out.

"A gentleman to see you, miss," the woman said, in the husky whisper that the whole household had adopted as proper to the occasion, though the loudest shout would not have pierced the dulled ears of the stricken man.

"To see me!

"I can see no one, Susan.

"Your master must not be left."

"Oh, but the nurse is ready to take her place now, and the gentleman says his business is most urgent!

"He looks it too, more like a ghost than a living man!"

Cristine hesitated as the woman with voluble persistence urged her point.

It would be an unutterable relief to escape into any company from the merciless phantoms that pursued her.

Even this speech with the servant seemed to have lifted some portion of the dull heavy weight from her brain.

But, on the other hand, what had this man to tell her—some new tale of horror, some yet ghastlier incident of the story that filled all her thoughts?

"Who is the gentleman, Susan?"

"I do not know him, miss, and could not quite catch his name—Mr. Benn—Beau—something like that."

Cristine's heart seemed to stand still for a while.

The worst that could come to her had come.

Arthur Beaupre, the one being on earth who had ever stirred her cold selfish nature to anything like genuine tenderness, was here to denounce and curse her.

She must face the worst.

Yes, in an instant she decided that anything was better than suspense.

"Tell Mr. Beaupre I will come," she said quietly, though her teeth chattered as with cold, and her pale face took a bluish-gray tinge that frightened the woman.

Cristine Singleton was no favorite with servants as a rule, she was too arrogant and exacting for that.

But, looking at her now, this one was touched with sudden pity.

"Let me get you some sal-volatile, miss, or a glass of wine, or a little brandy," she said persuasively.

"You have tasted nothing to-day, and you look as though you were fainting."

"I never faint.

"Be kind enough to take my message—and send the nurse here."

She spoke coldly, as though the suggestion displeased her.

The woman went off shrugging her shoulders and regretting that she had made it.

"Miss Nora would have thanked me like a lady, whether she took the things or not.

"She was always worth a dozen of the other—though they do say she is a murderess now—ugh!"

With a nervous look up and down the darkening corridors, the woman hurried more swiftly on her way.

"It's enough to curdle your blood to live in a house where such things are even talked about.

"I do hope I shall get into a respectable family next time."

Five minutes later Cristine Singleton pushed open the library door, and stood, a self-convicted culprit, in Arthur Beaupre's presence.

He did not see her at first, standing as he was with his back to the door and his face buried in one shading hand.

She stood watching him for a minute or so, his elbow planted on the chimney-piece his eyes hidden, but one half of the handsome haggard face reflected in the glass. Would he never look round, never speak?

She dared not address him, dared not move another step in his direction—dared only stand just within the door, waiting with clasped hands and downbent head, as a criminal awaits sentence.

The strained silence grew horrible.

A little sigh fluttered to her lips, a more broken breath, but it reached his ear, and he turned.

Was this Arthur Beaupre?

Even in her wild terror the cruel contrast between the bright-faced boyish Arthur of the old days and this man, whose face seemed set in a rigid awful pallor, whose eyes seemed to have sunk and darkened and lost all their vivid blue, struck her sharply.

Was this too her work?

The thought flashed through her brain, and was gone in a second.

The next moment she was cowering under the fierce anger of eyes that seemed to burn into her brain.

"Oh, Arthur," she cried, wildly thrusting in her weak plea for pardon before he had time to accuse her, "forgive me; I could not dream that it would come to this!

"I would die to-night to undo what I have done!"

"Die!" he echoed, in a harsh grating voice.

"To die is easy; we have to live through this.

"Cristine Singleton, where is Nora? Where is the girl whose life you have destroyed?"

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHERE is Nora?"

It seemed to Cristine's excited fancy like a far-off echo of the question put to Cain.

The answer of the first murderer fluttered to her lips, but found no utterance there.

Useless indeed would it be to meet Arthur Beaupre's searching eyes, and try by excuses or evasion to escape their merciless scrutiny.

How much or how little he knew of the terrible tragedy and its real cause the girl could not guess—enough doubtless to condemn her and hold her responsible for much of the misery and madness it revealed.

"Where is Nora?" the man repeated firmly, coming a step or two nearer, and speaking in a low tone.

"What spot of earth has she found refuge in to-day?"

"She is not here," Cristine cried very faintly.

"I have only just read the dreadful story in the paper.

"Captain Bruce is paralyzed and dying; my mother has broken down under the blow.

"I am quite alone.

"Oh, Arthur, pity and forgive me! I am punished for my sin."

"Pity you?" he answered, with a laugh that made her shudder, "pity you, when I still see Nora's face as I saw it last night—when I remember the cruel trap into which you have betrayed her.

"No, Miss Singleton, I am not saint enough for that."

"You saw her then?" Cristine asked eagerly, forgetting even her own fears, even the man's fierce anger, in her craving to hear more.

"Before or after?"

"I saw her in the evening.

"Obeying your telegraphed instructions, I reached Stoke Vernon between six and seven o'clock.

"I found Nora on the beach, told her my story, and heard hers.

"Your drama of revenge could have worked to no better denouement, Miss Singleton.

"Lord de Gretton found us together, and took his wife away."

He spoke with studied calmness, but Cristine saw great drops gather thickly on his forehead.

But her own heart sank deep within her.

"Oh, Arthur," she said, clasping her hands in passionate entreaty—

"Forget who I am and how I have wronged her!

"Tell me only this—did Nora do this dreadful thing?"

"If she did," Arthur answered sternly, "the sin lies less at her door than at your door.

"You drove her mad among you; and if, in her madness, she——

"Oh, Heaven, it is too horrible!"

The strong man broke down with a wailing pitiful cry, and turned way his face.

"My poor Nora, my innocent loving darling, Heaven has forsaken you indeed!"

"The wages of sin is death!"

Cristine had sinned cruelly and selfishly, and her wages were paid in full.

The bitterness of death indeed was hers as she listened to that anguished heart-broken cry, and knew that, though all the world might flock in to comfort the stricken man, she alone, she who in her way had loved him well and truly, must for shame's sake be mute.

Perhaps the sharpest sting of all the many that pierced her aching heart lay in the thought that her sin had been so vain.

She had parted Arthur and Nora for ever indeed, but quite as effectually had she parted Arthur and herself.

Never would the blue eyes that once had looked on her so kindly hold anything but loathing for her now.

Never till her life's end would Arthur Beaupre forgive her.

Crushed, humiliated, suffering, as she had not thought it was in her nature to suffer she stood in dazed silence waiting for him to speak.

And at last, with an effort, he mastered the anguish that possessed him and raised his haggard face.

"This house will be watched, of course," he said.

And Cristine shuddered at the desperate calmness of the words and all that they implied.

"As she has not come before, she will never reach it now.

"And yet, poor maddened child, what other refuge can she find?"

"I thought"—Cristine's voice trembled nervously over the suggestion—"that perhaps in her misery she had come to you."

"Heaven forbid!" he cried quickly. "That would be madness, and worse than madness, indeed.

"It would give a motive for——

Once again he broke down in a spasm of fierce pain.

Strong as he was, he could not force his tongue to utter the words that linked Nora's name with the last and worst of crimes. But this time the pause was for a moment only; he went on, with a look of quick relief—

"But she has no clue to my whereabouts; she cannot find me, even if she would."

"And what shall you do now?"

"Go back to Stoke Vernon at once," he replied.

"The inquest will take place to-morrow, and I must be there.

"I came to see Captain Bruce now, but ——"

"Captain Bruce may not live through the night."

His lips twitched a little; but the news was no news to him; he simply bent his head, and brought his brows together in more concentrated thought.

"And Mrs. Bruce is ill, you say? And Vance?

"Where is your brother?"

With a little weary gesture Cristine pushed back her hair and stared half stupidly, as though the question bewildered her.

"Vance?

"I do not know where Vance is. Nora knows."

How unconsciously the familiar words slipped from her lips!

With what a strange new significance they fell on her ears and those of the listening man.

The Nora of whom she had been meanly jealous, to whom she had grudged her brother's careless confidence and affection, had changed so strangely now, it seemed a sacrilege to name her in that easy every-day fashion.

But the words filled Arthur's mind with other thoughts.

"He has not been here?

"She may have gone to him?"

Cristine shook her fair head decidedly.

"He is not in England; I am sure of it."

"Well, there is no more to be said."

Arthur moved towards the door as he spoke, possessed by a feverish longing to be up and doing.

He would willingly have gone without another word; but Cristine stood, not accidentally, but of set purpose, full in his pathway, and until she chose to move he could not reach the door.

No impulse of pity had stayed the denunciatory words upon his lips.

He felt nothing but loathing for the traitress at whose door he laid all the misery that and come upon him; he felt only too weary and heart-sick even for anger; he was anxious only at all costs to escape from Cristine Singleton's presence.

Yet a harder-hearted man than he might have been moved to pity the wild-eyed white-faced girl whose machinations had recoiled so terribly upon herself.

She looked with a new-born pitiful humility into the worn haggard face; she tried to speak, but the words died away in an inarticulate murmur; and, acting on a sudden passionate impulse, she flung herself upon her knees, caught the astonished man's hand in her own, and clung to it with a sort of desperate energy, while great scorching tears, the first she had shed that day, rained down the white upturned face, and wild reckless words came brokenly from her quivering lips.

"Arthur listen to me—for a moment only!

"You do not know all or you would perhaps——"

"I do not know all," he interrupted sternly; "and that is why I am pitiless to you.

"I know that you kept back my letters, and you suffered Nora to believe me dead, that you urged and drove her into a marriage that she loathed, and that——

"I cannot speak of it; my own words madden me.

"Let me pass, Miss Singleton, if you are wise."

He tried to shake off the clinging clasp; but, without actual brutality, he could not succeed.

Cristine's slim fingers only tightened their grip as she cried, between the sobs that shook the slender prostrate figure with no feigned grief—

"Yes; I admit it all.

"I have sinned; but am I not punished now?

"Arthur, for pity's sake do not look like that!

"It was for your sake.

"I think jealousy turned my brain.

"I loved you so truly, so dearly.

"Ah!"

She sank lower still, and hid her face with a despairing cry, for in a fierce revulsion of disgust Arthur Beaupre shook himself free, and stood over her with a flush of angry scorn upon his face and hot indignation in his eyes.

"Love for my sake!" he exclaimed, with a fierce incisive scorn that struck like a knife—struck straight to the girl's sore heart.

"If I had not loathed and hated you before, I should hate you now for those words."

"That is enough."

Cristine rose to her feet, and spoke with a sort of sullen composure.

"You shall not hear them again, and I will keep you no longer.

"Only tell me this before you go.

"All that has passed since you saw Nora last has made no difference in your feelings; false as she has been even to you, guilty though she is, you love her still?"

"With all my heart," Arthur answered fervently, without a second's hesitation.

"Wronged and wretched as she is I love her still.

"I may never see her again; but, for her sake, I shall love no other woman till I die."

There was something of relief to his overwrought feelings in the utterance of this fervent confession of faith.

Some of the old brightness woke in the deep blue eyes, the rigid lines around the lips relaxed, the whole face seemed to soften in a transfiguring glow.

And in proportion to the softening of her companions was the hardening in Cristine's face.

The look of penitential pleading vanished with the tears she brushed away indignantly.

She drew herself defiantly erect; the bright eyes regained their steady glitter, though the lids were still reddened and the lashes were wet.

In that decisive moment the chambers of Cristine Singleton's soul had been thrown widely open.

Fate might have willed that it should receive angelic visitants; but Arthur Beaupre was pitiless, and there entered seven demons worse than those that dwelt with her before—demons that filled her with bitterness and jealousy and eager longing for revenge.

"You love her still," she echoed, with slow and cruel emphasis; "then I still hate her—remember that, Arthur Beaupre, and remember that it is your work.

"An hour ago I pitied her, I loathed myself; now——"

She paused with a strange sneering smile that filled the listening man with chill forebodings.

"You have done your worst—you cannot harm her more!" he cried hotly, though all the time he felt miserably incredulous of his own words.

"Wait!"

With cruel force Cristine struck her slender hand upon the table; but she went on, as pitiless of the physical pain she gave herself as of the mental anguish she dealt out to him.

"Can Nora afford another enemy?

"She is a fugitive from justice, the police are on her track.

"Yes"—as she noted the ashen hue of the bronzed face, the quiver of the grim lips—"she has a world in arms against her already.

"An hour ago as heaven is my witness, I would have helped and shielded her by every means in my power; now I would stir neither hand nor foot to save her from the—scaffold!"

As the last hideous word fell on his ear, an irrepressible cry broke from Arthur Beaupre's lips.

It was echoed by a shrill laugh from Cristine.

At last she had struck home.

"Cannot you bear the thought?

"Well, things as hard as that have been done before now.

"Faces as fair as Nora's have shown from the felon's dock, necks as delicate have felt the hangman's hand.

"Of course it will be a dreadful disgrace to us, But——"

Arthur heard no more.

Woman as she was, he dared not trust himself longer in her presence; the wild loathing, the hot anger that rose within him as she exulted malignantly over the picture of Nora's agony and death would have driven him in a moment to forget her sex and silence the cruel lips.

Without a word or look, he pushed past her and went out.

The cool freshness of the night-wind played upon his heated temples as he walked along, hardly knowing whither he went in the violent agitation of his thoughts, and gradually, as he left the house behind him, and escaped from the overpowering horror of Cristine Singleton's presence, his brain began to clear and his fancies to assume something like coherency and shape.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

SCRATCHES ON GLASS.—Slight scratches on glass may be partially polished out by rubbing the part with rouge wet with water upon a piece of soft leather. If it is a deep scratch, it will have to be ground out with the finest flour emery, such as is used by opticians, and the spot polished with rouge and water upon a piece of soft leather.

ASPHALT AND BRICK.—Bricks impregnated at high temperature with asphalt are being successfully used in Berlin for street pavements. By driving out the air and water the bricks will take up fifteen or twenty per cent. of bitumen, and the porous, brittle material becomes durable and elastic under pressure. The bricks are then put in endways with hot tar. The pavement has been laid down in a part of a thoroughfare where neither granite nor compressed asphalt had hitherto withstood the wear.

A DYNAMITE PILE DRIVER.—It was reported a short time ago that piles had been driven by dynamite in some German experiments. Later advices concerning the process state that an iron plate sixteen inches in diameter and five inches thick is placed on the top of the pile to be driven, and upon this plate a pound and a half charge of dynamite is exploded by electricity. The force of the explosion drives the pile into the mud as far as would five blows struck by a weight of 3250 pounds falling from a height of ten feet.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—In selecting flour first look to the color. If it is white with a yellowish straw-color that buy it. If it is white with a bluish cast or with black specks in it, refuse it. Next examine its adhesiveness—wet and kneed a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Then throw a little lump of dried flour against a smooth surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Lastly, squeeze some of the flour tightly in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that too is a good sign. It is safe to buy flour that will stand all these tests.

Farm and Garden.

POULTRY SHED.—One of the best things many farmers could do would be to build a long open shed adjacent to their poultry house, where the fowls could scratch and sun themselves on cold stormy days. It need not be expensive, but should be substantially built. Such a shed is almost indispensable to those who raise early chickens.

MICE IN ORCHARDS.—Young orchards are often ruined by the mice in winter. Thousands of fine young trees are thus girdled every winter, often in orchards kept too clean for the safety of the trees in trying winters. A safe and sure remedy is to pile a neat mound around each tree. To properly mound an orchard of any two hundred trees would be a light day's work. The mice in trailing under the snow seem to have no idea of climbing a small mound to get at the tree.

RUST.—To start the nut on a bolt that has got rusty on plow or wagon, pour kerosene oil on and allow it to remain a few hours, then give the nut a smart blow, and put on a little more oil. In some cases it can be done by putting on the kerosene and setting it on fire, thus heating the nut and swelling it, as well as burning out the rust. Where this is not practicable from fear of injury from too much burning, a pair of blacksmith's tongs, heated red hot and allowed to grasp the nut firmly until the tongs are nearly cool, will warm up a small nut enough to loosen it.

OUTBUILDINGS.—On this subject a Pennsylvania farmer says: Farmers who are thinking of painting the outbuildings will find that the application of a coat of crude petroleum lessens the amount of paint required and will cause the wood to last longer. A wash which I have found very satisfactory for outside work is made by slacking clean fresh lime, mixing it with water and adding to each peck of lime half a pound of salt and a pound of sulphate of zinc. This wash may be colored to many desirable shades. For a cream color, I add yellow ochre; and for gray, lampblack dissolved in vinegar.

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SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 24, 1883.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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WORK AND IDEAS.

It has been said, and the saying is generally true, that persons who are absorbed in one thing, rarely attain to any breadth of view or fullness of character. "They see things in false perspective, their own specialty covering the entire foreground, and those of others receding into the distance. They become narrow, prejudiced, and often conceited. From dwelling always on the one subject on which they know more than others, they come to feel complacent in their fancied superiority, and quite oblivious of their ignorance of the topics on which other people are well informed. They sometimes become disagreeable to those they meet, and, neither giving nor receiving sympathy, their hearts are shut up within themselves and contract. In short, the man of one idea gradually withers and shrivels up instead of developing into a full and ripe manhood. He is always placing limits beyond which he will not suffer his thoughts, his views, his ideas, or his sympathies to grow."

All this is pitifully apt to be true of men of "one idea," even when that idea is at bottom philanthropic. But it is not so of men of one work. Herein lies a distinction often overlooked. Some of the broadest and noblest of men—men whose lives have been given to the accomplishment of some grand purpose, men fertile in ideas and tolerant in opinion—have sometimes been classed with "men of one idea," either to misjudge them unreasonably, or, on the other hand, to dignify the less agreeable and less useful order of the narrow-minded. But such a classification is entirely wrong. Little men of one work may also be men of one idea; but they are not the men who do the world's best work. The specialist in work not only need not be, but must not be, narrowed to one idea; if he is, he cannot possibly excel, even in his specialty.

Whoever shrinks from throwing heart and soul into one life-work, for fear of becoming like the man of one idea described above, mistakes the situation, and is more likely to become an aimless dawdler in work, and a scatterbrain in thought, than he is to attain any broad or high success in either. The men who do things that the world is better for the doing, are not those who are kept from trying because they cannot do everything.

SANCTUM CHAT.

"LAWN SKITTLES" is the name of a new English pastime. It is played with skittles on stands, and against a sort of cricket-net. Lawn-skittles its admirers say, will supercede lawn tennis as a fashionable game.

—

A MOVEMENT is on foot in London to introduce long trains again among the ladies, but the mischievous persons engaged in it have not yet succeeded in converting the public to their own views, and the sensible short costume remains in favor.

—

A LYONS savan has directed the attention of the French Society for the Advancement of Science to the fact that alcoholism is most common in those parts of France in which apples are abundant, and the vine is not cultivated, and he ascribes the result to the distillation of an unwholesome spirituous liquor from the apples.

—

MOTHER SHIPTON'S prophecy having failed to bring about the end of the world at the appointed time, another very old prediction is now brought forward. It is expressed in a French stanza, and clearly proves the end of the world in 1886, when Good Friday falls on April 23 (St. George's Day), Easter Day on April 25 (St. Mark's Day), and Corpus Christi on St. John the Baptist's Day.

—

SAYS a Western paper: "We have never yet seen a gentleman, a scholar, a person of politeness or refinement, while engaged in the duties of civil life carry a weapon. We have rarely met an innate coward, brute, gambler, rough, or dead-beat, and one who expected to carry himself through every controversy with defiant temper and a scourging, slanderous tongue, and to come out of it first best, whether right or wrong, who did not carry a pistol."

—

THE American Consul at Crefeld, Mr. Potter, has busied himself in tracing out the sequel to thirty one marriages between American girls and titled Germans. He has ascertained that with one solitary exception they have resulted in abandonment, separation, divorce, or some other conjugal disaster. It would be interesting to know how the other American girls who marry abroad fare. A writer in a prominent New York paper suggests if the consular service generally would follow the example of our representative at Crefeld, a curious and useful chapter on sociology might result.

—

FOREIGN journals report an arrangement for producing brilliant light by the combination of gas and electricity. It consists of an ordinary gas flame, through which passes a curved metallic rod, provided with means for counteracting the effects of overheating under the action of the electric current. A cool, bright, white light is produced of far better quality than gas alone. The report states that the platinum does not require a great intensity of current to make it supply an ordinary light with one or two small elements. The cost is said to be a third less than that of the gas supplied by the gas companies.

—

THE bird population of Wisconsin is estimated at sixty-six per square mile, or 8,505,600 for the State. Each bird is assumed to eat fifty insects a dy, or 6,000 for the summer. Hence, all the birds will consume 21,384,000,000 insects a year. Add to this amount the work which these birds do in their Southern homes, and we have a low estimate of the influence they exert over insect life. Multiply these figures by forty-eight, for the States and territories, and we arrive at the conclusion not only that our bird population is pretty large, but also that, without it our bug population would soon be so large that it would eat us up.

—

THE Peter Cooper contribution boxes in the postoffice of New York provide a field of amusement for the office boys who frequent that building. They put into the boxes whatever they have no use for and do not know what else to do with. The consequence is that a glance into one of these boxes recently revealed, in addition to the little change put in by adults, the following odds and ends: A suspender buckle, a torn envelope, a poker chip, a postal card, a bit of orange-peel, canceled postage stamps, a toothpick, a pool ticket, an oyster cracker, a bar check, many buttons, a broken knife-blade, a cartridge shell, a broken bird-imitator, a split lead pencil, a penwiper, business cards, and a feather.

—

To prove that France once deserved the reputation of being a polite nation, a Paris paper calls to mind that in days gone by the Duc de Coislin, although very ill, insisted upon seeing the Spanish Ambassador, who had called upon him, to his carriage. The Ambassador wished the Duke to remain where he was, and, to cut short a friendly altercation, left the room and locked the door behind him. De Coislin, fearing lest French politeness should be beaten by Castillian courtesy, jumped out of the window, and was standing, hat in hand, at the carriage door when the visitor left the house. "You might have killed yourself, M. de Coislin," said the Spaniard. "No matter," said the Duke. "What was necessary was for me to perform my duty."

—

REGRETS for "what might have been" are proverbially idle. Great movements which are unresisted flow violently on, and waste themselves in extravagance and destruction; and revolutions which are to advance a step in the march of mankind, need always the discipline of opposition, till the baser parts are beaten out of them. Like the two horses which, in Plato's fable, draw the chariot of the soul through the vaults of heaven, two principles work side by side in evolving the progress of humanity—the principle of liberty and the principle of authority. Liberty unchecked rushes into anarchy and license; authority, if it has no antagonism to fear, stagnates into torpor, or degenerates into tyranny.

—

HASTY marriages of young persons increase. Parents do not seem to be able to prevent it. The trouble is far back of marriage, and even of acquaintance. Girls never were left more to themselves than now. Family connections and history are not inquired into. Late hours are allowed. Parties, picnics, church fairs, and all sorts of entertainments are visited without supervision. Sunday-school acquaintances are not always safe. Parents should not put too much trust in their children's judgment. Novels and daily papers stimulate the love of adventure. Stern restraint will not suffice. The mother must be more of a companion to her daughter; the father the confidential friend of his son.

—

THERE are 4,000,000 farms in the United States, containing 254,000,000 acres. The amount of land granted to railroad corporations and sold to the English aristocracy to build up the old feudal system, amount to 50,000,000 acres more than our entire farms. Sir George Reed lately bought 2,000,000 acres; the Earl of Dunmore, 1,000,000; the Duke of Sutherland, 400,000; Philip Marshall & Co., 4,000,000; and Sir Henry Distoy, 12,000,000, which last purchase amounts to 120,000 farms of 100 acres each. What had already been granted and sold amounts to more than 300,000 square miles, making thirty-six States as large as Massachusetts, sixty-eight States as large as Connecticut; a territory as large as England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Prussia, Portugal and Holland, or land enough to make a belt about twelve miles wide around the civilized world.

—

THE following statistics with regard to the employment in the United Kingdom of young people of both sexes, will prove interesting to those who believe that England's compulsory education laws are enforced. During 1882 there were no less than 694 females, varying in age from 13 to 18 years, employed at collieries in the United Kingdom, as against 776 in the previous year. Of female employed over the age of 18 there were 1,808, showing an increase of 246. In the Cornwall and Devonshire district the number of females employed at colliery work seems to be the greatest, amounting in all to a total of 1,871. Last year thirteen youths between 13 and 13, and 1,025 between 13 and 16 years, were employed underground, 191 between the ages of 10 and 13, and 4,259 were employed whose ages ranged from 13 to 18 years above ground, in collieries in the United Kingdom.

—

WHAT is more difficult than governing the tongue? St. James, who may be called the Apostle of Silence, says that the tongue no man can tame. He says that it is set on fire by hell, an unquiet, unruly evil. Even wild beasts of the forest and deadly serpents can be tamed by men, but the unfortunate tongue cannot. St. James is not the only Scripture writer that so speaks of the tongue. Solomon's proverbs are full of warning about the tongue. The wise man, he says, is known by the fewness of his words. A man full of words shall not prosper upon the earth. In the multitude of words sin is not wanting. St. James says that a man who does not offend in word is a perfect man. David says that sometimes he kept silence even from good words, so afraid was he of the unfortunate tongue. For when we intend only to speak what is good, yet through the corruption of the heart, that which is bad slips out likewise. It is easier to be silent altogether, than to speak neither too much nor too little.

—

IN a young country like this, where life is continually at fever heat, and where action rather than reflection carries the day, old age seems out of place. In the staid old towns and cities of England, Hawthorne tells us, that he observed that old age came forth more cheerfully and generally into the sunshine than among ourselves, where the rush, stir, bustle and irreverent energy of youth are so preponderant, that the poor forlorn grandsires begin to doubt whether they have a right to breathe in such a world any longer, and so hide their silvery heads in solitude. But "fast" as the country and this period both proverbially are, it is a fact that the percentage of old men who continue in active life, and who do not show their years except to a close scrutiny, is on the increase. Erect and active octogenarians, even, are not unknown to our streets, whose appearance still makes them pass current as being in the executive period of life. The constant improvement in the average style of living, in the matter of dwelling, food and raiment, perceptibly promotes longevity, and increases the number of cases of it.

THE CHILD-FACE.

BY C. J.

At morn or eve, where'er I go,
In crowded streets or breezy hills,
In Summer rains or Winter snow,
A wistful Child-face haunts me still.

When all my life is out of tune,
And sorrow spreads her cheerless night,
It breaks forth like a gracious moon,
And gilds my gloomy clouds with light.

On the dull labors of the day
A glory-beam it seems to pour;
Forbids all wild thoughts when I pray,
And makes them purer than before.

I know not when I saw the face:
I wist not how or whence it came:
What'er the time, what'er the place,
It haunts and follows me the same.

Was it a vision gave it birth,
Or some chance memory that I keep?
Is it a habitant of earth,
Or but a dream-child born of sleep?

I cannot paint its form in words;
Its wondrous grace I cannot sing,
No more than can the April birds
Lay bare the mystery of Spring.

I feel that Face will never go
As long as I draw living breath;
'Twill be my guiding star below,
And then 'twill beacon me in death.

Perchance when I have crossed the stream,
And stand upon the holy hill,
I'll find 'twas truer than a dream,
That dear Child-face, which haunts me still.

Wealth and Happiness.

BY BLAKE PAXSON

"DEAR me," said Letty Wyngard, "I shall go crazy.

Five children all clamoring at once, the kettle boiling over, the pickles upset, moths in my best shawl, and the dog running away with the soup bone for dinner."

And Letty stood in the middle of the room, holding her head with both hands, as if she momentarily expected it to sail up into the air like a balloon.

Letty was very pretty, after an odd gipsy type, with great dark eyes, a brown, healthy skin, and hair as black as a crow's wing; and, as yet not even the five children, and the endless round of daily cares and duties to which, as the wife of a poor young carpenter, she was condemned, had planted a wrinkle on her velvet smooth forehead.

John Wyngard burst out laughing, and that, in Mrs. Letty's case, proved the one hair that broke the camel's back.

She began to cry.

"Now, Letty, don't be a goose," said he, soothingly.

"Why, what do you know about real trouble?"

"I don't care," sobbed Letty.

"I'm sick of it all.

"I'm tired of patching old clothes, and hashing cold meats, and hoarding pennies.

"I'm tired of——"

"Your husband and your children," gravely interrupted Mr. Wyngard.

"Is that it, Letty?"

Mrs. Wyngard pouted and was silent.

She didn't like to own it, but for the moment she almost felt she was tired of them.

"I might have married rich," she said slowly, twisting the baby's bib strings around and around her finger.

"Yes, I might have been Howard Lindsley's wife; he is a very wealthy man, they tell me."

"It's a pity you didn't," said John provokingly.

"Yes, it is a pity," said Letty, stung beyond endurance, as she flounced out of the room.

And then, as she sat down to sew a button on Johnny's jacket, and braid little Helen's hair, and show Rosie how to cast up her sum, and, finally, when the four eldest ones were packed off to school, to bathe the baby and rock it to sleep, Letty Wyngard could not help thinking how much brighter and smoother her pathway would be, if, instead of saying "No" to handsome Howard Lindsley, she had uttered the other monosyllable.

Not but what she loved John better, by far, than Howard—but this wearing, grinding succession of petty cares and toils was sapping all the life and elasticity out of her.

She looked disdainfully down at the faded calico dress she wore, patched and darned in more than one place.

"If I had married Howard Lindley," she said to herself, "I could have worn silks and jewels every day, with servants to wait on me, and a carriage to drive out in, whenever I pleased.

"Oh, dear! what a world of trouble this is."

And as Mrs. Wyngard laid her little rose-cheeked infant down to sleep, she felt as if her lot had fallen in very thorny places.

Just as she had taken her place once again over the kettle, there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Letty, and the housekeeper from Hadfield Hall came mincing across the threshold.

Letty dusted off a chair, in considerable of a flurry, for Mrs. Ellison was a grand lady in her way, who wore black silks and laces, and had her bonnets directly from London.

"Won't you sit down, Mrs. Ellison?" said she, coloring to the roots of her pretty hair, and secretly hoping that Mrs. Ellison did not observe the patch on her calico dress.

"Thank you, my dear—I am in a great hurry," said Mrs. Ellison.

"I have some fine laces, and muslins, and Valenciennes handkerchiefs here, from my lady at the Hall.

"The laundress hasn't come down yet, and she ain't willing to trust the lady's maid with 'em, and they must be ready by dark—and so I told her I knew a person that was a master hand at laces and fluting and such like, and I depend on you, my dear, to do 'em up for me."

Letty hesitated an instant.

"She'll pay you," said Mrs. Ellison.

"She ain't none of the stingy sort, my lady ain't."

"Yes," said she, "I'll do it.

"Lay the bundle on the table, please.

"So the new family have arrived at the Hall at last?"

Mrs. Ellison nodded assent.

She had lived housekeeper with the Hadfields, of Hadfield Hall, for twenty years, and was sorry enough when the old place went into new hands.

But a situation was a situation, so she had stayed on.

"Yes," said she. "Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lindsley."

Letty gave such a start that the kettle had nearly tipped over into the fire.

"Lindsley?" cried she, with a little hysterical laugh.

"What a funny name."

"Handsome, stylish people, with more money, to all appearances, than they know what to do with," went on Mrs. Ellison. "I just wish you could see her dresses and jewels.

"Stephanie, the French maid, showed them to me, when she was packing 'em, and its as good as a play."

Letty said nothing, but stirred busily, while the old housekeeper maundered on about the wealth and grandeur of the new possessors of Hadfield Hall.

And all this might have been hers.

"When shall I send for the laces?" Mrs. Ellison finally asked, when she rose to depart.

"I'll take them home, myself, about dusk," said Letty, inwardly resolving to get for herself a glimpse into this Paradise which had so nearly been her own.

And so, at twilight, with the daintily ironed and fluted laces in her basket, she walked up to Hadfield Hall.

How stately it looked with its broad colonnaded facade, all glittering with lights, its grand conservatory at the back, and its terraced grounds.

Oh, if she had only said "Yes" to Howard Lindsley eleven years ago.

Within, everything was in keeping.

Axminster carpets, like banks of moss, covered the floor—marble statues stood in velvet-lined nitches—lights glowed softly, and tables loaded with rare ornaments, stood around.

"Hush," said Letty, as Mrs. Ellison, with some pride, pointed out the various beauties of the place.

"What is that noise, like a woman crying?

"In the next room, I think."

Mrs. Ellison's face clouded over.

"It's Mrs. Lindsley, poor dear," said she. "The master's a brute.

"He's been drinking too much—mademoiselle Stephanie says he always drinks too much—and he struck her. Struck her, and called her a whimpering fool, before, all of us servants.

"I never saw a man strike a woman before, and I declare it made me sick all over. But Stephanie says it's a common thing enough.

"Oh, my dear, she's wretched, in spite of all her money."

"Has she no children?" Letty softly asked.

"She had two, but she lost 'em both. Mademoiselle Stephanie says she often cries and wishes she was dead, too. And I don't wonder much, with such a husband as she's got. Hush, there he comes now."

And shrinking behind a carved group of Italian marble statuary, the two women watched Howard Lindsley stalk gloomily by, with red, inflamed eyes, sullen, down-looking face, and shuffling, unsteady footsteps.

Suddenly Letty Wyngard went home thinking God in her heart that she was a poor man's wife.

"Have you heard of the accident?" asked old Peter Styles, who was standing out at his gate, as she hurried by in the deepening dusk.

"No.

"What accident?

"What has happened?"

"That there house as your husband was workin' in has tumbled in. All a heap of ruins.

"Something wrong about the foundation, they say, and——"

"Oh, my God!" wildly interrupted Letty, clasping her hands.

"Was he hurt?

"My husband?"

"Well," hesitated old Styles, "there was two men killed, and one had his arm broke. But——"

Letty waited to hear no more.

Swift as an arrow out of a bow she sped homeward, a horrible dread winging her footsteps with almost incredible speed.

Oh! if John should be killed—John, her faithful, loyal husband, whom that very day she had allowed to leave her without the good-bye kiss.

If her children should be fatherless—if—

"John, John!" she wailed, as she pushed open the door, and went, breathless, into the kitchen.

"Well, little woman, what is it?"

And—oh, thanks to all merciful heaven, John Wyngard himself turned his bright living face towards her from the hearthside, where he was sitting, with a child on either knee.

"I know what is in your dumb, questioning eyes, Letty.

"I am not hurt, thank God.

"I had just gone for more nails, when the building fell.

"No, no, Letty, you'll not get rid of me quite so easy."

Letty threw herself, sobbing, into his arms.

"Ah! John, John, love me!

"Hold me close to your heart, dear husband.

"I've been repining, dissatisfied and selfish.

"I've never been half good enough to you.

"But, please God, I'll be a better woman, and a more faithful wife from this night henceforward."

And then she told him the history of her day's adventures.

"It's natural enough," said John, stroking her hair.

"But for all that, my dear wife, I'm glad you've realized that money isn't always happiness."

And a more contented couple than John Wyngard and his wife Lettice never sat by a cheery fireside upon that bleak November evening.

Letty had profited by her lesson.

A Woman's "No."

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

A MAN is seated upon a warm horsehair sofa, his head bent on his hands, sobbing as only strong men whose best and dearest feelings have received a death-blow, can sob.

At his feet lies a crumpled letter, where he had thrown it in the first pang of the agony it had inflicted on him.

There is no need to enter minutely into details.

It is the old, old story of man's love and woman's inconstancy.

Hardly two years before Richard Hamilton had stood before the altar by the side of the woman he loved so well, and she had vowed before heaven to "honor, love and obey" him, to be faithful to him through good and through evil report until death called them.

And now she had broken those vows; and, tempted by money, had left her husband, who was only a struggling actor, and fled with a rich man who had been attracted by her pretty face.

For hours Hamilton sat there in his great desolation.

Then he rose, and put his sorrow from him by a mighty effort.

No matter how great his grief, the public must be amused—his engagement fulfilled.

He was what is called "utility man" in a touring company, and that night had to play a good low comedy part.

He remembered he had been pleased when he first saw the cast, feeling that he was rising at last in his profession; but now what did it matter?

Let him rise or fall, who would care now?

He played that night as if he were in a dream.

His senses seemed dazed, but the dark phantom of his grief seemed to overshadow him.

He had studied the part well, however, and he never missed a cue.

So the audience were good-humored, and remained silent at what they certainly could not applaud.

The other members of the company had heard of his trouble, and rallied round him with that unselfish kindness only found in the theatrical profession.

He had only to play the first scene of his part, another gentleman insisting on playing the part out for him, which he did satisfactorily.

The "heavy man"—that is, the villain of all the pieces, who was, by the bye, a thoroughly good fellow, walked home with Hamilton that night.

"Don't grieve for her," he said in consoling tones.

"She's not worth it.

"No woman is."

Hamilton rested his aching head on his arm, as he leaned against the door-sill of his home.

He was completely crushed, and made no reply.

"Of course, you'll get a divorce," went on his friend, after a pause. "Look here, old fellow!

"Lawyers won't do the thing for you for nothing, you know.

"Cheap justice is out of the question: and so, you see, we—the company, I mean—will raise enough to begin with at any rate, and Wiggins is going to let you have a benefit; and, of course, what little you'll owe us, you can pay us out of the damages you recover, or whenever you like."

"No," said Hamilton, "I will get no divorce.

"Do you think I know so little of the world as to believe he'd marry her if she were free?"

"Perhaps not; but then, if divorced, you would be free yourself."

Hamilton laughed bitterly.

"I would waste no money on myself," he said. "I don't care whether I am free or not."

"But she still bears your name—the name of your family.

"Don't let her disgrace them any more than she has.

"Sever the legal tie that binds you, as she has severed all others."

"You are right," he said; "I will try for a divorce.

Hamilton had no difficulty in obtaining a divorce.

Indeed, the case was undefended, and he might have been awarded heavy damages, but he would not accept the money, which seemed to him the price of his wife's guilt.

* * * * * *

Ten years had passed away, in which Richard Hamilton had risen rapidly in his profession.

He had studied incessantly—more to drown his regret than from love of his art; but fame and money had rewarded his efforts.

And when we see him again he is touring with his own company, and playing to large audiences.

All the time he had heard little or nothing of his wife, and could only look back upon his short married life as upon some brief, bright dream that had ended in a hideous nightmare.

Lately, however, the gloom which had become habitual to him had in some measure vanished, and this was particularly the case when he was in the society of Muriel Mervyn, his leading lady.

Muriel was a beauty—tall, fair and graceful, with curling, bright brown hair, a sweet, firm mouth, and dark, violet-blue eyes.

And, better still, she was, as fairy-tales say of their princesses, as good as she was beautiful.

She lived with her mother, a somewhat bad-tempered old lady, if all accounts were true.

But Muriel kept her home troubles to herself, and went about with a bright smile, always giving a helping hand to those who needed it.

Sweet, courageous, gentle, unselfish—all that is pure and womanly, as she was, who can wonder that Richard Hamilton, weary of brooding over the dead past, turned to her for comfort?

She was a clever actress, too.

Always graceful and ladylike, sympathetic and tender, there were times when the sweet voice would be raised in passionate pleading or mortal agony, when the expressive face would become changed, her whole being absorbed in that of the character she was playing.

It was at such times as these that the depths of her heart were revealed, and the firmness and passion that lay as yet dormant therein were disclosed.

The company were playing in a town in the north of Scotland, and the rain was pouring down heavily, so Muriel was forced to find occupation and amusement in her somewhat "stuffy" lodgings.

In a cupboard in their sitting-room she found some old volumes of an illustrated paper nine or ten years old, and as she sat idly turning over the leaves, her eye fell on the name of Hamilton.

It was headed:

"Theatrical Divorce Suit. Hamilton vs. Hamilton and Disney."

And then she read the story of Hamilton's great trouble.

By the time self-made men rise in the world, the unpleasant story of their early lives are generally forgotten.

And Muriel had never heard of this before.

She knew that he had been married, but she had always believed his wife to be dead.

With a white face, she laid down the book, and walked calmly and thoughtfully to her own room.

Once there, she locked the door, and fell on the bed, with an exceeding bitter cry.

Even while she had read the lines the truth had dawned on her.

Her own heart lay open before her, and for the first time she realized that she loved Richard Hamilton.

When at last she left her room all trace of emotion had disappeared.

She had locked the secret in the depths of her own heart, and vowed that none would ever know of her suffering.

How often has the Spartan boy been quoted as a model of courage and endurance by those who would seem to forget the heroes and heroines of every-day life!

Muriel Mervyn had taken up her cross bravely, and gone out to fill her accustomed place in the world, with a smile on the lips which just before had uttered such passionate prayers for help.

That night she avoided Hamilton, and certainly gave him no opportunity of speaking to her alone.

On the following morning, though, while out for a walk, she met him, and he took place beside her.

For some time they had talked of different subjects (things theatrical, of course; actors always talk "shop"), and then he brought the conversation round to himself, told her that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife.

"Oh, stop!" she said, in a low, strained voice.

"Remember your wife!"

"But the law has——"

"Freed you, you would say. Mr. Hamilton, you both vowed once to remain true to each other till death parted you. If she broke her promise, it is no reason why you should do so."

"In the eyes of the law, of society, I am a single man," he said.

"Yes; but in the eyes of heaven you can not be free.

"Leave me Mr. Hamilton you have my answer."

"Is my life to be one long disappointment?" he asked, sadly.

"I loved my wife passionately, but not with the strong, deep love of my manhood. Oh, my darling the world has been so cold

time; don't let your hand be against me, too!

"Think of my lonely, wretched life! Will you not come and cheer me and help me to be a better man?"

"Don't tempt me!" she cried, with a break in her voice which he was quick to notice.

"Tell me, Muriel.

"Will you not relent?

"Perhaps I have been too hasty.

"Take time, dear.

"Consider your answer."

"It would be useless," she replied, with gentle firmness.

"For until you can come to me with proofs of your wife's death we must be strangers."

"And then?" he asked.

"It is ungenerous to ask me now."

"You love me, Muriel—you love me! I will wait, since you must have it so—wait for my freedom!"

"Oh, no!" she cried, with a shudder; "I could not bear to think that for my sake you were wishing for her death!

"I cannot help it.

"I must hope until I am assured that you do not love me."

"Such, then, is the case," she said, quickly.

"What, Muriel!—are you mad? You love me."

"No?" she said.

And then, turning away with averted face, she fled homewards, leaving him stunned by her words and unable to understand them.

It was a falsehood, and she knew it, but she had spoken for the best.

"I will go away from him," she thought; "and then, as he thinks I do not love him, perhaps he will learn to forget me."

The next week the following paragraph appeared among the provincial items of a theatrical paper:—

"We understand that Miss Mervyn has receded from the Hamilton Shaksperian Company, an amicable arrangement having been come to, and intends resting for a short time to recover her health before accepting another engagement."

Another year has passed.

Hamilton is still on his prolonged tour, and Muriel is playing at a London theatre.

On a wet, cold night in early spring, as she was leaving the theatre, her quick eye saw a woman's form leaning, as it were, against the doorway.

Thinking she might be the bearer of some message, possibly for her, Muriel asked—

"Are you waiting for anyone?"

The woman looked up helplessly, shook her head in reply, and attempted to move on.

But as she did so she staggered, and would most likely have fallen had not Muriel caught her.

"You are ill," she said. "Can I do anything to help you?"

"No," said the woman, in a weak, hollow voice.

"I am very ill, I know; but I wanted to purchase some things, so I had to come out to-night."

"I hope you don't live far from here?" said Muriel.

"No."

"Where?"

"In John street."

"That is my way," said Muriel. "You will let me see you home?"

The woman consented—in fact, she seemed too weak and ill to resist—and Muriel left her at what she said was the door of her home.

It was evidently a very poor place, in which she rented but one back room, but it seemed respectable; and Miss Mervyn, whose pity was aroused, said at parting, "You will let me call to-morrow, to inquire if you are better."

After this she often called, and was soon very interested in Mrs. Smith, as she called herself.

She had only been in her present lodgings a few weeks, and was evidently miserably poor, very ill, and quite alone.

She would never talk of the past, excepting that once she told Muriel she had been an actress.

Miss Mervyn, we may be sure, did not go empty-handed to that poor lodging, and she even persuaded Mrs. Smith to have a doctor.

But all was of no avail; and one day, in the middle of May, when Muriel called, she saw a terrible change in the worn, pale face.

"Miss Mervyn," she said, as Muriel entered, "the doctor has told me that I shall never see another day dawn. Do you believe it?"

"Yes; I fear it is true," Muriel said, gently.

"Well, I am glad of it.

"I have taken the doctor at his word, and sent for one I should never dare meet if I were not dying.

"He may, perhaps, be here soon, for I telegraphed last night: but I feel my strength is ebbing fast, and before he comes (I may have no time afterwards) I should like to tell you the story of my life.

"Will you listen?"

"Certainly," said Muriel, gently; "tell me anything if you think it will make you happier."

"Mine is a tale of sin, too bad, perhaps, for your ears," went on the woman; "but I must tell it.

"I married when very young, a man who loved me far better than I deserved, for after we had been married two years I listened to the sophistries of a man who tempted me with his wealth, and I fled with him.

"There was the usual result.

"After a time he grew tired of me, and a year after the divorce was decreed I found myself alone and penniless in London.

"What my life has been since I must leave you to guess; and at last I found myself ill, dying, with a small sum of money in my possession.

"I came here, and by your kindness my path to the grave has been smoothed.

"Miss Mervyn, I have repented; but I cannot die until I have had my husband's forgiveness.

"I have telegraphed to him, and——

"Ah! that is his step on the stairs!"

The door opened, and a man entered.

Muriel suddenly drew back into the shadow.

"Alice," he said, coming forward, "you see I have come; but why did you send for me?"

"I ask with my dying breath for your forgiveness!"

"Impossible!" he said, shortly.

"You wrecked my life, Alice, betrayed my love, dishonored my name! I cannot forgive!"

"But with my dying breath I ask it!" cried the woman.

"Oh, grant it me, Richard, as you hope for mercy!"

"I cannot," he said, shortly.

Muriel came from out the shadow, and knelt by the bed before him like a fair angel in that humble home.

"Muriel!" he exclaimed; "you here! This is no place for you!"

"It is," she said, still kneeling there.

"Death makes all equal; and, Richard, for my sake, forgive your wife."

He hesitated for a moment, and then, crossing to the bed, took one of his wife's wasted hands.

"I forgive," he said, simply.

"Forgiven!—all forgiven!"

And Alice Hamilton sank back upon the pillow exhausted.

Presently, she sank into a deep sleep.

Other watchers joined those two; and just as night began to fall she passed away.

With a sigh, Hamilton went to Muriel's side.

"Dearest," he said, "you told me once that when I could bring you proof of my wife's death I might speak to you again. She lies there dead.

"What do you say?"

Muriel rose, and laid her hand in his with a look of unspeakable love. Thus, in that chamber of death, those two, so long parted, were united at last.

Richard Hamilton and Muriel Mervyn were married, and lived very happily together.

They have a theatre of their own, and are doing very well in every sense of the term.

"By the bye, dear," said Hamilton, one day not long after their marriage, "do you know you once told me you did not love me?"

"That was the only falsehood I will ever tell you," she rejoined.

"I said so to prevent your thinking too much of me."

"And all the time you liked me?" he said.

"You know I did."

"So, then, Muriel, I suppose I must take this as another instance of the worthlessness of A Woman's 'No.'"

The Chaplain's Trial.

BY HENRY FRITH.

I NOTICED, as we walked along that my friend, the Rev. William Hurray was unusually excited, and certainly not pleasantly so.

His pale face was paler than its wont, his eyes were mournful, and his lips quivered nervously.

We had shared my bachelor supper, with my housekeeper attending to our wants, and were alone in the cosy sitting-room of my domicile.

I had been abroad for a year, unusually busy during the few days that had elapsed since my return, and had seen but few of my friends.

It was my first hour alone with Will, and I had expected to be eagerly questioned for his sympathy with the world outside of his own sphere was ever vivid and sincere.

But I saw he was in no mood for idle talk, and after watching his preoccupied face for a short time, I said quietly—

"What is it, Will?"

"One of those mysterious dispensations of Providence that shake a strong man's soul," he said.

"Confidential?"

"No.

"I have only to bear it a little sooner than others.

"To-morrow morning the public journals will tell the sad story to the world."

"Let me hear it now."

"You have heard of the Wiseman murder?"

"Vaguely. It happened while I was abroad."

"But you remember old Mrs. Wiseman, who lived in the great white house in L—— Lane."

"Yes.

"A noble old lady, whom I reverenced from a boy."

"She was very wealthy, and it was often a matter of surprise with the prudent, that she kept in her own room valuable jewels in some quantity, and frequently large sums of money.

"Still, all her servants were faithful, had lived under her roof for years, and she knew nothing of fear.

"I, who know her well, should rather say, she was so pure-minded, noble and generous, that she could not realize any danger to herself.

"Ever liberal, she could not understand why any one in need should steal from her what she would cheerfully give them.

"It was after you went away that the old lady, feeling the infirmities of age creeping upon her, advertised for a companion, and Miss Agnes Edwards came to fill the place."

"H'm—yes—I heard of her."

"Did you ever see her?"

"N , but I can fancy her, a tall, masculine woman, with an evil face."

"She is the smallest woman I ever saw who had reached maturity, has large, babyish blue eyes, short, flaxen hair in ringlets, a clear complexion, and perfect features."

"Impossible!"

"Gentle and timid in manner, but exquisitely lady-like in every word and action.

"Our old friend looked into her face, and read her letters.

"The first fascinated, the second satisfied her.

"Miss Edwards was engaged, and performed her very easy duties in a satisfactory manner."

Here my friend, with a face quivering with emotion, leaned toward me.

"She had the face of an angel," he said, "and a heart as pure and guileless.

"I saw her very frequently.

"But I had noticed from the first time I saw Agnes, that some secret sorrow weighed her down.

"The blue eyes were often shadowed, and when she was silent, she was always sad.

"Still in the genial, loving atmosphere of Mrs. Wiseman's house, she was growing more cheerful, when the horror came."

There was a long interval of silence.

When my friend spoke again, it was with painful effort.

"It is three months since the news came one morning to the prison, that Mrs. Wiseman had been found dead in her bed, foully murdered, and Miss Edwards had disappeared with the casket of jewels and a large sum of money.

"At once there was a pursuit, and after two days Agnes Edwards was discovered in a village some twenty miles from here, arrested and brought to prison.

"I can never tell you my pain when I saw the sad, sweet face, with the calmness of utter despair on it when I went to see her.

"It became my duty to pray with her, to try to move her to confession or denial of the terrible crime attributed to her.

"From the first she maintained a strong composure and silence that nothing could move.

"She heard the circumstantial evidence brought against her with rigid face, fixed eyes, and firmly-closed lips.

"The servants were the chief witnesses, and their story was horribly impressive, and left no doubt in the minds of the listeners that the little child-like woman before them had foully murdered her aged benefactress.

"They swore that Agnes alone had admittance to Mrs. Wiseman's room after she retired, the bedrooms of the two communicating; that on the night of the murder they heard her voice in the old lady's room, after midnight, but paid no attention to the fact at the time, supposing that she was called out of bed by some trifling illness of Mrs. Wiseman's.

"The details of the discovery of the body were all given, and no quiver of the stony face showed any emotion on the part of the prisoner.

"One link in the chain of evidence was missing.

"No portion of the money or jewelry was found upon Miss Edwards' person; but the lawyers argued that it was probably safely hidden, to be used when the excitement was over.

"In all the days of the examination and trial, the public laid great stress upon the hardened depravity of the prisoner, as evinced by her composure and obstinate silence.

"But I, who saw her every day in my visits to the cell, read only despair in that forced calmness.

"I could not force confession or denial by my most earnest exhortations or prayers, but I saw that every day the deathly pallor of the sweet face was increased; the deep, black hollows under the blue eyes were more marked, and the little figure was more wasted and languid.

"Still, there was a force that could never have been suspected in the little frame that bore her through the trial and the condemnation.

"Not until the hideous sentence was read that gave her to the executioner, did Agnes show any weakness or emotion.

"On that fatal day she fell senseless in the court.

"The physician of the prison, one of my friends as well as associate in the labors there, told me there was little hope she would recover from the strain of those days of trial—the shock of hearing the sentence.

"'She will not live to be hanged,' he told me.

"And I breathed my first thankful prayer as he spoke the words.

"Still, weak, sinking, dying, she held to that awful silence.

"I, who believed her innocent, tried to win some word or denial, under a pledge of secrecy, but in vain, until to-day.

"To-day the real murderer was brought here."

"The real murderer!" I cried.

"A man was arrested with a party of others engaged in a robbery, and on his person was found a quantity of Mrs. Wiseman's jewelery.

"Information was sent here, the jewels identified, and the prisoner forwarded.

"In the fight, when he was arrested, this man was wounded, and the doctor told me this morning that he could not live many days.

"At first he refused to believe this, but when he was convinced of its truth, he made a full confession.

"He had intended only robbery, but Mrs. Wiseman awakened, and assassination followed.

"I was present as he made his confession, and could not restrain my exclamation—

"'And you would have allowed a woman to suffer for your crime!'

"He turned to me with a face I can never forget.

"'A woman!' he cried.

"'You cannot mean that Agnes was accused of the crime!'

"'I mean,' I answered, solemnly, 'that Alice Edwards is now in this prison under sentence of death for the murder of Mrs. Wiseman.'

"He seemed utterly overwhelmed. His own escape being accomplished, he had given himself no further concern about the crime, and his agitation at my words was so great that the doctor peremptorily ordered us all from the cell.

"I went at once to Agnes. As tenderly as I could, I told her of the news of her own approaching freedom.

"She lifted her weary eyes to mine with an expression of solemn grief unutterably touching.

"'God orders all!' she said, in a low voice.

"'This man is my husband. To save him I would have died, but my sacrifice was offered in vain.

"'It is nearly two years since I was married, supposing the man I loved to be worthy of respect and affection.

"'When I knew him to be a thief, a man destitute of all principle, my heart was broken.

"'I wearied him, if I tried to influence him to better aims, and he finally deserted me.

"'Then I came here.

"'He learned where I was, but I never knew he was near me, until hearing a groan in Mrs. Wiseman's room, I went in there. I think I was mad.

"'I remember but vaguely that my husband made me dress and follow him. It is all a confused dream until I found myself here.

"'Then I resolved to save him, hoping he would reform.

"'I knew he had secured money and jewels of great value.

"'Perhaps in a new country he might live a better life.

"'At least, no word of mine should doom him.'

"She spoke with evident pain, often pausing between the words.

"As she ceased, she put her little hand in mine.

"'Pray for me,' she whispered, 'and add to your great goodness, by trying to lead my husband to better thoughts.'

"I have been in the prison all day," my friend continued, "going from one cell to the other.

"An hour ago, I obtained permission to have Hiram Edwards taken to his wife's cell.

"I secured twenty minutes of privacy, and in that solemn hour, no mortal eye or ear intruded upon the parting.

"Before morning Agnes will have gone from all this life's sorrows, and her doubly guilty husband cannot survive many days.

"When I left the prison the devoted wife had sunk into a stupor, whose only end will be death.

"No words of mine can longer reach the numbed senses, and I can only keep my promise to her by endeavoring to lead her husband's heart to true repentance in the brief space of time still left to him."

The next day the whole town was ringing with the confession of the assassin and the news of the death of Agnes Edwards.

I went with Will to the funeral.

We walked together from the grave to my house, and when we were alone, Will, with a bitter sob, leaned forward upon my table.

I did not speak, until raising his face, pale and haggard, he said—

"It is no sin to love her in her grave."

I had suspected his secret before, but I only pressed his hand.

"God help me," he said, "to do my duty.

"It is the bitterest trial of my life to forgive the man who killed her, and lead him by my words to any hope of the pardon of Heaven."

But in the days that followed, while the guilty life faded away, he faced this duty as he had faced every duty of his life nobly, and with all earnest desire to sustain his listener in the hope of God's pardon and mercy.

If, in the great hereafter, the soul of Agnes Edwards is permitted to know of the penitence of the husband for whom she died, there will be one in the choir of angels to bless the name of the prison chaplain.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup gives by far the best satisfaction and takes the lead of all cough preparations on our shelves.—Carpenter & Palmeter, Jamestown, N. Y.

The Caliph's Son.

TELL [illegible] Atlantur loved but one person [illegible] it was his son, whom he loved [illegible] as a faithful copy of himself.

He was, therefore, constantly devising means by which to make him happy for the time being, but more especially to secure his future happiness.

One day he invited all those who had anything to do with the young prince to a consultation, especially the imams and dervishes, and he commanded them to tell him candidly what they knew of the character, morals, peculiarities, and especially of the faults of his son.

He wished particularly to be informed of the fault of the prince which, unless corrected, he considered most likely to destroy his future happiness.

Those [illegible] were very reluctant to speak, [illegible] kept [illegible] in their breasts [illegible] [illegible] each one [illegible] [illegible] of what he would [illegible] [illegible].

But [illegible] [illegible] all very [illegible] [illegible]

Finally, one said, "The young lion is now a lion.

And another: "The young cedar will grow up [illegible]."

The [illegible] [illegible]: "I want no flattery. I want the truth.

"[illegible] [illegible] what opinion the people [illegible] [illegible]."

The first speaker: "The lion is fierce when his cub is touched."

The second.

"The old cedar casts its shadow over the young cedar, so that the latter is not much noticed. The caliph answered: —

"By my beard and by your heads, you need not fear to speak freely."

Then a third spoke: —

"Even the Prophet had enemies, who calumniated and persecuted him; and Allah himself is blamed because he does not give winds and sunshine according to the wishes of mortals.

"Is it surprising if even your worthy son finds sharp critics?"

To this the caliph replied: "Very true. But I did not call you together to hear this, since I already knew it.

"I want to hear what you and other men think of my son; whether he is loved, and what is found blameworthy in him.

"You cannot be ignorant of this.

"In my presence my subjects are silent, or they speak only in whispers, so that I do not hear the truth; and all countenances wear a friendly smile, so that I cannot read what is in the hearts of those who come before me.

"I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] hour [illegible] [illegible] account [illegible] [illegible] short, I will [illegible] [illegible] prison, and you shall not be delivered thence until you tell me the honest truth."

Then at last they all spoke out, each in his own way, and in the tenderest terms and with the most friendly countenances, and all agreed in saying that the young prince was certainly not beloved, the reason being that he bestowed no benefits.

At this Atlantur showed his satisfaction, and said: "Now I know the malady, and I myself will be the physician to cure it.

"You may go."

The caliph then devised a strange sort of remedy; one that gratified his own covetousness, and, at the same time, put it in the power of his son to become a great favorite with the people when he came to rule over them, if he wished to employ it.

He confiscated the property of one man that was accused of having spoken treason; of another because he had contracted unjust debts; of a third because he had buried his treasures; of a fourth, because he was squandering his means by making presents.

Finally, he imposed heavy taxes on the very necessaries of life, and confiscated the property of the mosques and dervishes, on the pretext that they made bad use of it.

Every voice throughout the whole land was raised in execration of the oppressor and extortioner.

When, therefore, the Caliph Atlantur had grown old, and felt that he would soon die, he summoned his beloved son, who was to succeed him, to his bedside, and spoke to him as follows: —

"Beloved son, I felt no regret in having [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] uttered against me, in order to open thee an easy and sure way to the hearts of thy subjects.

"There is nothing by which one more easily gains the affections of the people than by benefits; and the best talisman by which a prince can win and preserve the love of his subjects is the gold and silver, not that he takes from them, but that he bestows upon them.

"Therefore, restore all that I have taken, and thus profit by what I have done, without imitating my example."

The young prince as soon as he became caliph, followed the advice of his father, made restitution of all that had been extorted from the people, became a blessing to his subjects by his wise and just reign, and thus gave proof that one can draw good from every kind of example—from the bad, by avoiding it; and from the good by following it.

When a certain learned Arabian had related [illegible] story to a large company, one of [illegible] remarked: —

"It [illegible] true [illegible] bad example may [illegible] [illegible] useful, [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] death may [illegible] [illegible] a remedy."

Another said: "Bad example is more likely to do harm because man is more inclined to evil than to good.

A third person in the company maintained that of all examples those set by the great men of the earth do the most good or evil, for the reason that the great are so conspicuous that everybody observes their ways.

"Men can not look across mountains."

A Christian that happened to be in the company added: "Therefore, the caliph above all others, should not have given such an example; and it is the more to be admired that his son and successor resembled him so little, just as light bears no resemblance to darkness.

"I cannot, therefore, approve of the conduct of Atlantur, who did evil that good might come of it; for this is never lawful."

CHINESE [illegible] [illegible]. It is a singular fact that the custom of making New Year's calls, which is modernized with the Americans, has its place among the Chinese traditions of thousands of years ago, and is now practised by them with the ailments of wines, cigars, and confections on the side-board as well as tea and tobacco, preserved fruits, ginger, rock, and watermelon seeds.

The festivities last about a fortnight, commencing the last Sunday in January by devotions and worship of the gods and ancestors, and prostration before living parents and grand-parents.

Their peculiarities were observed this year to good effect in San Francisco, where on the last Sunday in January the heads of the various households of Chinese in San Francisco seated themselves side by side in [illegible] and the younger branches of [illegible] from near and from far, and kneeling before them, bowed three times.

This precedes the calls of pleasure, which were not begun before the succeeding Wednesday. During the entire fortnight the principal places of business are closed, and the people give themselves up to enjoyment after their fashion.

All who can afford it appear in rich apparel; the women expend large quantities of vermillion on their cheeks and lips, and gold-foil artificial flowers and base-metal jewels on their hair.

The use of fire-works and bombs is a great feature, and a continual fusillade is kept up.

Their greetings are peculiar.

The Celestial who desires to meet his friend and neighbor shakes his own hands, if to a man, his fingers are doubled together; if to a female, the palms are placed together, and the hands shaken up and down.

The presentation of an orange signifies that the party presenting it wishes the recipient a happy New Year and good fortune [illegible].

They bow (or pretend to bow) to those of equal rank, and inferiors bend the knee. The former do not bow to the latter. Their idols receive attention by receiving new coats of paint, which makes the pouchy face of Joss glow as if he had descended from the celestial realms.

He looks perfectly healthy and contented. Before him are forests of small spluttering tapers, which are supposed to send up to his divine nostrils most agreeable perfume, but which are an abomination to the olfactories of mortals.

His devotee walks in, bows reverently a few times, kneeling in front of the altar, and muttering some set prayer or invocation at the same time.

Then he shakes a tin box, in which is placed a large bundle of bamboo sticks, with writing on each. He shakes patiently, and draws with anxiety one at a time.

If the character is lucky, his prayer is answered, and he departs, fully confirmed in his belief that Joss is a splendid deity.

In one of these temples is a porcelain bell said to be three thousand years old. It looks like an old one, but its tone is as sharp and clanging as ever.

Over the bell is a drum, and the din made by the two instruments is most confusing, especially during this season, when it is almost constantly kept up, and during which time scarcely an hour passes when some pagan is not kneeling at the shrine and shaking the fortune-dice or prayer-box.

CARE FOR THE TOOLS, ETC.—A floating item seasonably advises farmers to "overhaul all tools and repair them, either with wood or iron work, as needed. Some need a coat of paint. Rub all plows over with a greased cloth and see that all are properly housed. The sun, rain and dew spoil more implements than are worn out by actual use." Yes, and while attending to the implements, do not neglect sheds and outhouses that need repairing. Leaky roofs are poor protection for either animals or machines.

"Nothing Wrong With my Lungs Now."

A patient writes nearly a year after using Compound Oxygen:

"There is nothing wrong with my lungs now, and for that I have to thank you more than anything else. It is true, there are days when I do not feel as bright as I could wish, but if it had not been for the Oxygen I [illegible] if I would be here to feel at all."

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ANTS' NEST.

ANTS have long afforded amusement and wonder to observers, on account of what might be called the near approach to human intelligence, as exhibited in their social organization, their [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

A DARK NIGHT.

BY M. VESTAL.

I CANNOT imagine why that I, of all boys, should be so unlucky.

"Here I have been sitting all the livelong day with my pole and line, and every little shiner seems to laugh at my patience.

"I can see every rascal in the clear crystal element.

"They come dancing gaily up to the hook, smell daintily at the bait, turn up an eye to me in the most provoking way, and then skip away with a titter, which in my imagination I can almost hear.

"Even, too, an old lubberly frog sits making fun of me.

"So, sitting on the edge of the creek, with his cheeks puffed out, he watches me with a look of contempt, crying out—

"'Poor Tom, poor luck.'

"He cares nothing for the stones I throw at him, but hops around and shouts—

"'Poor luck,' more lustily than ever.

"If I drive him into the water, he comes back to stare at me and renew his croaking."

Thus soliloquized a young fisherman who had been trying to catch a lot of small fry, for the purpose of baiting several trot-lines, the joint property of two more boys—his companions—who were camping out on the bank of the river, a short distance from the mouth of the creek, where our hero sat fishing.

"Hello, Tom!

"What luck?" shouted out one of the boys, as he came up around the bend, paddling a canoe.

"Plenty of nibbles, but no fish; the little imps won't take hold.

"I never knew them so provokingly shy as they are to-day.

"Whenever I am sure of a catch, out comes bait, hook and sinker, but not a fin, the whole troop shoot away, and it seems an age before the boldest of them ventures to return."

"Well, never mind Tom; our trots are all set with plenty of good bait.

"Better luck next time.

"We must make haste now and get into camp.

"We will have a blooming old night. Look at the clouds in the west.'

Jumping into the canoe, they shot around the bend and made for a little clump of willows on the west side of the river, where could be seen a blue column of smoke ascending through the dense green trees.

Here they landed, and pulling the bow of the canoe partly on shore, and fastening it securely, they walked up a path through the willows, to a small opening, where, sitting by a smouldering fire, another comrade awaited their coming.

As the two boys approached he got up, and after stirring up the fire, and putting on an old, well-smoked coffee-pot, they all seated themselves on a log in front of the shanty, and chatted away of their adventures, as all boys are in the habit of doing.

Their conversation was interrupted by a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a deafening thunder peal, which caused the boys to rise, and prepare for the now close storm.

Several logs were piled on the fire, and all made snug within the shanty; and while the rain dashed down with unabating fury, they sat inside their low shelter, eating their cold supper, and sipping coffee hot enough to scald a person not in the habit of taking his meals in that way.

"I'll stake my hat," said one of the boys nicknamed Russ by his companions, "that we get some nice fish to-night.

"The bait is splendid, and the storm favorable for a general turn out of the finny tribe."

"Hope we may," said Tom.

"I've not had the satisfaction of hauling in even a shiner.

"If we don't succeed to-night, we had better change our quarters.

"I'm going to bed.

"Call me up when the storm is over."

Tom threw himself on a bed of dry leaves, and covering himself with a blanket, was soon fast asleep.

The fury of the storm continued unabated for some time, but as soon as the worst was over, the two boys were on their feet, and lighting the lantern prepared to run the upper trot.

"Shall we waken Tom?" said Russ, unwilling he should miss the excitement when the prospect was so favorable for a fine haul of fish.

"It's my opinion," said Phil, "that he would dump into the river and frighten them all away.

"Such a sleepy head is always stupid. Better let him alone."

The boys got in the canoe, and paused slowly up the river.

"This beats thunder," said Phil, after running all the trots, and not having taken up a fish.

"We better take Tom's advice and change our quarters.

"There is nothing here."

"Not so fast, old fellow.

"If we look sharp we'll get a whale to-night.

"There's one in here, you may be sure, and scared all smaller fish away!"

After running the trots a third time, and neither getting the whale—so called by Russ—not even a sucker, Phil became a little discouraged.

Reaching their frequent cross over the river in the pouring rain and wet them to the skin, and the sand in their pants and boots was anything but comfortable, and Phil went dejected back to camp.

"You don't know as much about fishing as I do, Phil, or you would not take it so hard.

"I think we stand a better chance of getting a finer fish to-night than we have in all the time we have been camping out.

The fact that none of the bait has been taken, shows that all the fish have lit out, and there's something around that has made them lite—something bigger than common, I know. Hand over the coffee, boss.

"I guess so, said Phil.

"Oh, it's no fun in this kind of business unless you can get something to liven things up."

The two boys sat in their shanty listening to the sounds of dropping rain and croaking frogs.

Presently Russ yawns, stretches himself, and walking out to the canoe, proceeds to bail it out with an old tin pan.

Phil half asleep follows him with the lantern.

"Russ," said he, "let us try one more time, and then if we don't get him, we'll go to bed."

"All right.

"But we must go back and waken up Tom.

"He will help to make things lively, even if we are disappointed in getting our whale."

Going up to the sleeping boy, Russ gave him a powerful shaking, while Phil poured the blaze of the lantern full in his face.

"Is there an earthquake, is the world on fire?" roared Tom.

Scrambling up he bumped against the lantern, making it jingle and swing, the light dancing back and forth like a line of fire.

"As if all the dishes are not smashing, and the tin pans flying like a streak of lightning: it must sound that way to you," said Phil, shaking his sides.

Tom was by this time wide awake, and joined in the laugh his brief fright occasioned.

"Why, it's pouring rain, and dark as Egypt," he said, hesitating when he came to the opening.

"Why not wait, half an hour at least, until there are some signs of breaking up."

"Oh, come on," said Phil.

"You've had douseing enough not to be afraid of wetting now and then.

"Yes, but that is what I don't like so much about it.

"Have you ever see anything as dark as it is to-night," said Tom.

"No more never mind," said Phil.

"Here take the lantern."

Jumping in the canoe, they shoved off and began pushing up stream.

"There goes the first one," said Russ, as he began to run the lowest trot, "and as sure as you live there's not a bait gone, or a fish hung."

Letting the trot down, they passed on to the second, which Phil ran, while Russ sat in the stern and kept the canoe from swinging against the current.

"Not a nibble," exclaimed Phil, as he let the line down in disgust.

"This is the fourth time, and not a fin, not even a gawner.

"I wish there was one, so that I might let out my dissatisfaction in smashing out his brains."

"Well," said Russ, "we have one more trial at the upper trot, and it will be too bad if there is nothing on it.

"Keep her straight; here we are."

So saying, he leaned over the bow of the canoe, grasping the line, almost at the same time letting it drop, and with a broad grin raised it up and said—

"He's hung.

"I knew it would be a stunner."

The gaff hook is put in the bow, Tom with the lantern took, near the middle of the canoe, and upon a seat, so as to throw all the light possible on the dark river, and Russ then doffed his coat.

Again he picks up the line, and goes slowly hand over hand, out into the river, trying to pierce the dusky water with his eyes, that he may get a good look at the object of his excitement.

"Phil, get the gaff, get the gaff, come here quick, I can't hold him!"

Phil handing the hook to Russ, and Tom rushing up to the bow with the lantern, the canoe tilted high in the air, and out tumbled Tom, the rush of the three boys in the bow being too much for the slight vessel.

"There goes Jonah; take care of the whale, it might swallow you whole.

Tom spurted the water from his mouth, and in his endeavors to reach the canoe, he came in contact with the fish; dashing against each other, they stirred up a surprising quantity of foam, and in the multitude of convolutions, the boys could see nothing but the shower beneath them.

"Hold on to the line while I swim out," shouted Tom.

"The whale has got something in his throat, and can't swallow me."

"Can you hold him a minute, Phil?

"If you can, run out so I can reach him with the hook.

"See how he jerks.

"Hold steady; I'll have him yet.

"Whew!"

Russ had made a lunge with the gaff at the large white object, that appeared for an instant at the top of the water, and succeeded in tearing several scales from the fish's back.

Before he could recover himself the fish had flirted his tail, and sent the water flying all over the boys, and Russ had his mouth pretty well filled.

"Now for a last lunge.

"Courage, Russ, and let him have it."

The fish reared his body aloft at the stroke, and lashed the water so violently that the canoe shook and reeled, but all endeavors to escape were fruitless.

He was hauled in, his struggles making the sand and water in the bottom of the boat fly in every direction.

"Glory enough for one day; but the fellow has nearly blinded me.

"My head, ears and eyes are full of sand."

"So are mine," said Phil.

"But what keeps Tom.

"Hold up the lantern while I cut the staging; he's got the hook pretty well swallowed."

"We never could have mastered him if he hadn't.

"Why don't you hurry up Tom and take a look at our prize.

"The biggest salmon ever caught in this river," roared Russ, as he saw Tom rapidly approaching, his head bobbing up and down with the waves, and arms striking out like oars.

"I've had enough of that fellow until I meet him done brown at the table.

"He came very near getting me entangled in the staging.

"Hello, but he's a beauty," said Tom, taking a look at the fish after climbing in the canoe, "worth all the perch ought yesterday, and we thought that lot couldn't be beat."

"There's enough bait left on the trots for just another such a catch, if not a better one, now that we have the whale out of the way."

Yes," said Tom, shaking himself, "I'm glad of it.

"It's no fun sitting for hours trying to catch bait, with that infernal frog laughing and making fun of me.

"I'll catch him yet, and make a breakfast off his legs.

"But one thing is certain; I am convinced by actual proof that this is a well-watered region.

"I am soaking like a submerged log.

"Let's get into camp."

The boys struck out for the shore, and securing their prize, doffed their wet clothes for dry ones.

The coffee was still steaming on the coals, and after taking a sip, and a bite of cold corn bread, they tumbled in their rustic beds, and were soon fast asleep.

AT THE RECEPTION.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

MRS. ASHLEY MERIVALE at home, Tuesday, 5th of April.—Mr. Fletcher will give, four to six, an account of his travels in India.

The party assembled.

Mrs. Ashley Merivale was charmed to see so large a number respond to her invitation.

Middle-aged, serious-looking dames of course predominated.

But few lords of the creation put in an appearance.

The latter, as is well known, usually avoid the solid attractions of an afternoon entertainment.

Tea was handed around, and desultory conversation was proceeding amongst the company.

It was rather a grave community, the grim solemnity of which was disturbed only by the restless movements of a little boy that one of the party, to the annoyance of the hostess, had had the presumption to bring with her, hoping dear Mrs. Merivale would not mind darling Jim having the opportunity of hearing the lecturer's account of remarkable events and things in India.

A sudden stir in one corner, the rattle of an upset tea cup.

"Oh, dear, Mrs. Bruton, I am so sorry! It was an accident, really. Jim couldn't help it.

"No place for boys!" angrily exclaimed Mrs. Bruton, looking daggers at the culprit, and surveying her dress, all marked with the upset tea.

"It might have happened to yourself, you know," hastily replied the mother, Mrs. Dixon.

"Better if he had chosen his mother for the recipient of his antics," viciously retorted Mrs. Bruton.

And thus a long friendship, or, rather, what the parties termed friendship, was shattered.

When the storm had blown over, the traveler was announced.

After partaking of the cheering beverage, and going through some other little preliminaries, the lecturer took his position, as indicated by the smiling Mrs. Merivale, striking a graceful pose, and with a deep obeisance to the fair assemblage he proceeded to tell his story.

"My friends, the account I am about to give you of my life in India, chequered as it has been with pleasures, dangers, and ——"

"Oh, mother! there's something in the corner!" cried the volatile Jim, in a loud tone.

"Hush! hush! my boy, you must be quiet!"

"The account I am about to give——" resumed Mr. Fletcher.

"Oh! there it is again! Look, look!—it moves!"

"Nonsense—nonsense, child!

"The account I am about to give——" again repeated the much exercised traveler.

"Oh, mother! I am so frightened!" again exclaimed the irrepressible infant, in a loud whisper.

"That child must be sent away," impatiently cried Mrs. Bruton.

"Mr. Fletcher must not be interrupted in this manner."

Mrs. Dixon and her boy departed.

The ladies now settled themselves to listen to the recital of Mr. Fletcher's experiences, assuming that—the offending child dismissed—there would be no further interruption.

Once more was heard the oft-repeated sentence, and for a few minutes silence prevailed.

"From the Santons have sprung up a race of religious enthusiasts, unparalleled in the annals of superstition," proceeded the lecturer.

"There is something in the corner," whispered Miss White to Mrs. Kenney, in sepulchral tones.

"Where, where, my dear?" in equally cautious accents.

"There, near the easy chair."

Mrs. Kenney looked toward the spot indicated, and suppressing a slight scream, hastily exclaimed—

"Good gracious! there is something alive there.

"It must be a mouse; or can it be a rat, do you think?"

The rest of the company angrily regarded the whispering pair.

"I think you might be silent and allow others of the party to listen to the address," loudly remarked the still irate Mrs. Bruton.

The two ladies in disgrace rose and quietly left the room.

"By the Sunnassi is properly to be understood the Brahmin," continued Mr. Fletcher, in rather a louder key, when presently a sharp, shrill scream rang through the assemblage, and another lady turned red and white and rushed from the room, followed by some dear friend to ascertain what could possibly have caused this extraordinary and repeated stoppage of the proceedings.

His audience considerably diminished, the lecturer, with a significant "Ahem!" indicating his vexed irritation, continued his recital to the now silent party.

It was not, however, a silent party long, for again a lady was heard shrieking.

"Good gracious!

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!

"What can it be?" wailed another lady, in extreme fright.

Mrs. Ashley Merivale rushed to the poor half-fainting dame.

"This is really too absurd!" she angrily exclaimed.

"Can't you speak, and tell us what has so alarmed you?"

"There's something moving—something crawling," gasped the poor lady—"something crawling," gasped the poor lady—"something beneath my dress—so cold! so—so—oh, dear! oh, dear!

"See, see!

"What can it be? There, there! just near my foot!"

And, with a fearful gaze, she pointed beneath her chair.

"Well, well.

"Take my arm, Miss Jones, and move to this sofa.

"Perhaps Mr. Fletcher's mention of Indian snakes has acted on your imagination, and you picture them amongst us."

Miss Jones slowly and feebly rose from her chair, and moving from the spot, there, openly and plainly disclosed to view, appeared the unlucky cause of all the scenes and mischief.

A harmless little tortoise!

The wandering little creature, recently purchased and placed in the garden, had entered the drawing room on an exploring expedition, and was quietly making its way around the fresh territory.

"Dear me, how absurd to make such a fuss!" exclaimed one.

"How very ridiculous to scream!" cried another.

"Just to make a scene!" sneered one maiden lady.

The luckless offender having recovered from her fright, turned sharply on the latter speaker.

"All very well to say so now, but you would, I am sure, have made more fuss, and been still more startled to have felt the crawling creature near you.

"Ugh! do send the nasty thing away, Mrs. Merivale.

"I can't forget the horrid creeping sensation."

The objectionable animal removed and order once more restored, the oft interrupted lecturer proceeded with his address.

But it fell on inattentive ears.

The tortoise scene was uppermost in the minds of the party, and I fear the grand reunion to gain some knowledge respecting Indian affairs, proved of but little benefit to most of the members.

Given up by Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! That's remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."

Did you ever hear of a little fish getting away? No; it is the diminutive, no account ones that are caught, but, oh, what whoppers are lost!

LOOKING BACK.

BY T. A.

I call to mind the fancies,
So idle, yet so dear,
That fluttered round my heart, sweet,
When you yourself drew near.
A sunbeam on the meadows,
A lily on the stream,
A sweet reality, and yet,
The image of a dream.

Time has not changed the fancies
Of that remembered hour,
Whose bud of bliss has blossomed
To true and perfect flower.
And fortune grant the way, love,
Our happy footsteps tend,
Be sunny as the past, love,
And sunny to the end.

ANCIENT TITBITS.

WE have no jest-book of the ancients existing. Cicero's slave and friend Tiro made a collection of his master's sayings, which was highly prized, but unfortunately has not descended to us. Our only source of information are the works of a few Greek and Roman writers, in which some of his good things are scattered about. For the most part, however, the good sayings of antiquity are not such as proceed from a happy juxtaposition of incongruous ideas, which please by surprise. They are rather pithy maxims, delicate turns of expressions, homely truths, conveyed in irreproachable style.

The loquacity of barbers is proverbial. It is evident that there is something in the profession which conduces to it, or how shall we account for the following anecdote, which dates several centuries before Christ?

Archelaus, of Macedonia, going to have his hair cut, was asked by the artist:

"How will you have it cut?"

"In silence," said the monarch.

Do we not all sympathize with him?

The same king had some dirty water thrown over him. The courtiers would have the offender punished.

"No," said Archelaus, "he didn't throw it over me, but the man he thought I was."

This reminds us of Macaulay, in one of the Town and Gown Cambridge riots, when a dead cat came full in his face. The man who threw it came up to him and was profuse in his apologies.

"I didn't mean it for you, but for Mr. Adeane."

"Oh, very well, my good friend; but I wish you had meant it for me, and hit Mr. Adeane."

A great deal has been philosophized on the fact that glory and disgrace are often only different in degree. We can trace it back to a very remote period.

Democritus saw a thief taken to prison. "Poor man!" said he; "why didn't you steal a great deal, and then you could have sent others to jail?"

It is universally recognized that the hard-working father makes the fortune which the son squanders. We have also been often assured that the difficulty in making a fortune is to get the first few thousands; after that, the process is comparatively simple. This was quite well understood in old times.

Lampis, being asked how he made his great fortune, said:

"Easily enough; but the little one with great exertion."

Hardly any saying is better known than that "Speech is silvern, silence golden." Simonides used to say that he never regretted holding his tongue, but often was sorry for having spoken.

Everyone knows the modern parallel to the saying of Socrates:

"The wicked live to eat and drink; the good eat and drink in order to live."

Certain sayings, now proverbial, can be traced very far back. The Olynthians denounced to Philip, of Macedon, many of his courtiers as being traitors. The king told them they were rude and illiterate to call a spade a spade.

In the way of neat retort and repartee we can find many instances. Granicus recommended a bad orator to drink cold hydromel.

"But I shall ruin my voice."

"Better that than your client," was the reply.

Another of the same sort asked Catullus if his speech just delivered had not excited compassion.

"Why, certainly; there was not a soul who wasn't sorry for you."

The bath-keeper was drawing a large quantity of water for Alcibiades.

"He must think him a very dirty fellow," said a Spartan.

This is paralleled by the girl who went to service for the first time, and wrote her mother that her master and mistress were very dirty, for they washed their hands ever so many times a day.

Cicero sometimes got as good as he gave. Laberius, a knight, came late to the theatre, and looked about for a place, when Cicero called out:

"I would give you a place if I had room."

"Why, every one says you are used to sit on two stools," was the reply.

Pollo said of Augustus:

"It is difficult to write against a man who can proscribe."

This remark has been ascribed to many, and no wonder, for it is very obvious.

An amusing addition was made to it in reference to Frederick the Great:

"It is difficult to argue with the owner of thirty legions and such very thick boots."

Grains of Gold.

Affection is the broadest basis of a good life.

To win, work and wait—but work a great deal more than you wait.

Foster the beautiful, and every hour thou collest new flowers to birth.

Will-power is to be cultivated. It can be strengthened like the memory, by unceasing practice.

The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

The power of a man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doing.

No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and kept away from idle companions.

How much better it is that he should speak ill of me to all the world than all the world speak ill of me to him!

Strength and not happiness, or rather only that happiness which comes of strength, is the end of human living.

The best of us are hampered in every effort at improvement, not alone by our faults, but by those of our neighbors.

Cowardice asks: Is it safe? Expediency asks: Is it politic? Vanity asks: Is it popular? But conscience asks: Is it right?

He must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

Anger wishes that mankind only had one neck; love, that it had only one heart; grief, two tear-glands; pride, two bent knees.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing, and of making one's self loved is to be cheerful. Joy softens far more hearts than tears.

A man's character is an element of his wealth and, you cannot make him rich in what he has except as you teach him to be rich in what he is.

How abundant are the men and women who crave martyrdom in leadership! How few are willing to honor themselves in the loyalty of service!

Jeer not others upon any occasion. If they be foolish, God hath denied them understanding; if they be vicious, you ought to pity, not revile them.

The most captious critics are, as a rule, those who have the most shallow culture. Those who have the least real piety are the most censurious of others.

Believe nothing against another but on good authority, nor repeat what may in any way hurt another, unless it be greater hurt to another to conceal it.

It is more honorable to the head as well as to the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of truth.

A deep, true love will lift a soul out of the shadows of selfishness and the mud of foolishness when all other powers combined have failed to extricate it from the slough.

Nothing impairs authority more than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself was to be continued, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

The delays of good and dutiful intentions, which ultimately lead to the defeat of them, cause more regret and repentance in men's lives than any other class of causes.

It does not follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs, "Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?"

It is the pleasant word, the hearty word, that helps; and a man who has these at command, is sure to be a helper to others in the highway of life, along which so many are travelers.

Christianity is being like-minded with Christ: considering Him our sanctification as well as our redemption. It is endeavoring to live to Him here that we may live with Him hereafter.

Don't waste life on doubts and fears. Spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.

Femininities.

Christine Nilsson has 29 trunks full of good clothes.

Madagascar, with the exception of a few years, has been ruled by women since 1828.

A coquette is a woman without any heart that makes a fool of a man that ain't got any head.

Some of the mercantile houses of Baton Rouge are employing female clerks exclusively.

A woman carriage-painter at Grand Forks, Dakota, is considered about the best in the place.

Deafness has attacked the Princess of Wales, and the best aurists are unable to suggest a remedy.

A well-to-do maiden lady in Patten, Me., worked out her town tax last summer with rake and hoe on the road.

Among Nebraska women there are ten physicians, six county school superintendents, one lawyer, and one ordained preacher.

"Smoking may be a bad habit," he said, as he rode beside a pretty girl, "but that habit of yours is perfectly killing." The marriage took place the next day.

San Clemente, an island near Venice, has a lunatic asylum containing one thousand women, the great majority of whom were brought there by unhappy love.

Miss Ella Hill, a handsome girl, of Seymour, Conn., killed herself with a shot-gun because her step-mother made her wear a dress which had been rumpled in a shower.

"Yes," said Miss Penn, "I rejected Mr. Hogg. Nice fellow, but I couldn't have the announcement of my marriage appear in the papers, beginning with, 'Hogg—Penn.'"

If you wish to pour boiling-hot liquid into a glass jar or tumbler, it can be safely done by putting a spoon in the dish before you pour; and let not a draught of cold air reach it.

A party of Minnesota young women have gone to the Argentine Republic to teach school, and they write back that their first impressions are pleasant. We have yet to hear from the Argentines.

Man's deepest evil and his highest good are each in the love he bears a woman. It is his marring or his making forever. He marries her "for better, for worse," an infinite better, an infinite worse.

Teacher, to class of girls, "Now, what do we learn from this parable on the wise and the foolish virgins?" Girls, decidedly: "That we shall watch hourly, that we miss not our bridegroom when he comes."

The girl who hasn't a moment to spare when the dishes have to be washed, thinks nothing about time when she is trying to cover an eighth of an inch pimple with a sixteenth of an inch piece of court-plaster.

An eminent doctor has made the observation that cutaneous irritation so frequently found upon the foreheads of fashionable ladies is the result of the quince-seed mucilage used for the purpose of arranging the bangs and other nonsensical fub-dub-beries.

Men talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness, but, after seven years of union not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal and every family gathering, and felt every hour in the husband's purse.

A consumptive young man, in Reading, is at death's door; and two girls to whom he was successively engaged have already passed through. The doctors say they both took consumption from inhaling the young man's breath, as neither of them inherited the disease.

A Williamantic factory girl wrote her name and address, and a desire to be married, in a nice little note, which she placed inside the band of the hat she had just finished. Her father bought the hat. On his way home that evening he procured a slender and supple lath. The girl will hereafter make hats plain.

The story comes from Potteville, that a young lady of that place, who was unable to walk, even by the aid of crutches, for eight or nine years past, on account of a spinal disease, dreamed the other night that she was cured, and verified the dream by getting out of bed and walking around, and continues to move about freely.

Ten years ago two loving hearts were separated by a little quarrel, owing to the miscarriage of an explanatory letter. He went West, and married; she stayed East, and married, and now both are once more free. He has eight children and the dyspepsia, she six and the dyspepsia, and neither has any idea of marrying again.

Twenty-five years ago a young lady of this city had a singular dream. She consulted a dream-book, and learned that she would have four husbands before she reached the age of thirty. This made her rather independant, and she is now an old maid of forty-two, and never had a beau. Dream-books are not as reliable as they might be.

A "wall-flower," after a night's ball, during which she sat, and looked, and longed, but all in vain, uttered these plaintive words: "I don't think the saddest music ever composed can be half so sad as waltz music when you're not waltzing, and looking at the other people. It beats all the funeral marches in the world."

A man appeared at a San Francisco police station and said he had been poisoned by his wife. He described minutely the circumstances of the poisoning, asserted that the dose was put in his coffee, and then, falling in spasms, he died. The wife was at once arrested, but on examination it was found that there was no trace of poison, and the cause of death was apoplexy.

The other evening a mite of girl not three years old toddled along Twenty-third street, New York, carrying in her arms a small kitten. She sat down on a stoop, and with tears in her blue eyes, was heard by a policeman to say, "I's 'faid we's lost, pussy." She was taken to the lost children's department, where her father reclaimed her. The kitten was a stranger she had picked up while wandering about.

News Notes.

Ravens and crows generally pair for life.

John Chinaman always swears in English.

Berlin washerwomen have struck for higher prices.

The wild pigeon will fly at the rate of 60 miles an hour.

A Mr. Noon wedded a Miss Knight, in Buffalo, recently.

Northern Maine is already buried under six inches of snow.

The invalid Count de Chambord's stables annually cost $30,000.

Eggs are selling for 10 cents a dozen in Franklin county, Ga.

The sea anemones swallow pieces of meat as big as themselves.

By popular vote, 18 counties in Georgia have abolished fences.

Poli says that a single oyster contains no less than 1,200,000 eggs.

The albatross, the largest of sea birds, will fly 100 miles an hour.

When a tiger seizes his prey, he would sooner die than let go his hold.

There are over 200,000 children in Alabama who do not attend school.

The music of the singing mussel delights sailors along the coast of Ceylon.

Canada has the largest national debt of any country in proportion to its people.

Cats are now bred in Paris that their heads may be used for ornamenting hats.

The noise made by a school of fish sounds in the deep sea like the rumbling of thunder.

In Beatrice, Nebraska, there is a brass band, the members of which all belong to one family.

The White House now contains portraits of all the Presidents of the United States except Buchanan.

Tea-drinking at afternoon fashionable "teas" is strongly objected to by several London physicians.

Young men who were first called "dudes," and later "sims," are now known as "ciphers."

Two citizens of Holbrook, Mass., had a banana-eating contest, and made it a draw at 31 bananas each.

New Orleans public school teachers also have pay schools in which pupils are charged from $1 to $4 per month.

A persimmon grown on the place of Mrs. Hoover, near Jacksonville, measures three and a half inches in diameter.

New York's gilded youths hide the marks of dissipation in their faces by liberal application of rouge and lily white.

Nearly five hundred of the inquests held in England and Wales in 1880 resulted in a verdict of "died from excessive drinking."

Just before a Swiss boy, 14 years of age, was drowned while bathing at Cotton Hill, W. Va., he escaped being killed by the cars.

A dog named "Pug," of that breed, carries letters, bills, etc., from one office to another, at the Cleveland office of the Valley Railroad.

Brooklyn's champion mean man has come to the surface. He is in custody for robbing school children of their books and playthings.

A hand grenade is in use in Chicago to extinguish fires. It is a frail glass globe containing chemicals, whose heated fumes check combustion.

A Detroit street pedlar has gone to his home, near Chicago, to attend the wedding of his daughter, to whom he will make a bridal gift of $1000 in cash.

A religious paper asserts that thirteen times as much money is spent for tobacco in London as is given by all the churches of that city for foreign missions.

Murder is increasing in Kentucky. There were 96 in 1880, and 113 in 1881 thus far, with the crimes of Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays yet to be counted.

There is a letter in the Covington, Ky., postoffice addressed to "Old Boss Santa Claus," and, according to law, the postmaster has been advertising for its owner.

A woman in Chicago had her child christened by three different clergymen, in order to receive benefits from three different church funds. Organized charity tripped her up.

An English clergyman writes that there are four thousand unemployed clergymen in the Church of England, many of whom are both able and willing to work, but they cannot find anything to do.

Charles Saunders, of Roxbury, Mass., left a note on his desk, saying he was tired of life, and that his body would be found in the river. The police found him asleep in the hay-loft of a neighbor's barn.

ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO MY WIFE HAD A VERY TROUBLESOME COUGH, of so serious a character, that we all became very anxious: indeed, it seemed that we had but little to hope for, as the Lungs were affected. We tried various medicines, but very little, if any, benefit seemed to be derived from any of them; so that it appeared the disease had complete mastery, and nothing but death would bring relief. I was then advised to give Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant a trial, and doing so, to our surprise found great benefit from its use. Persisting with it, she gradually commenced improving, until the principal symptoms disappeared entirely, and she has enjoyed reasonably good health ever since.—John Musgrave, Hubbardsville, Kentucky.

FACT AND FANCY.

IT is well to bear in mind a celebrated maxim of Lord Chesterfield's, which runs thus: "It is advisable, before you expatiate on any particular virtue, and give way to what your imagination may prompt you to say, to ascertain first whom you are speaking to."

The following will exemplify the necessity of this precaution.

"My dear boy," said a lady to a precocious youth of sixteen, "does your father design you to tread the intricate and thorny paths of a profession; the straight and narrow ways of the ministry, or revel in the flowery fields of literature?"

"No, marm; dad says he's agoing to set me to work in the 'taterfield."

Such prosaic conclusions must be very disheartening.

They are, however, amusing, as another example will show.

"Behold, my adorable Angelina" observed a poetical swain, "how splendid, how magnificent, and how truly glorious, nature looks in her bloom! The trees are filled with blossoms, the air resounds with the melodious singing of birds, the very wood is dressed in its greenest of livery, and the gorgeous plain is carpeted with grass and innumerable flowers!"

"Yes, dear Charles, I was just thinking of the very same thing. These plants in particular that we see around us are dandelions; and when they are gathered and put into a saucepan with a piece of good fat pork, they make the most delicious greens in the world!"

If, however, we should desire to become better acquainted with a more exaggerated style, we shall find it to be most prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic. A more courteous method of inquiry to ascertain the truth can scarcely be conceived than that once taken by a barrister. In cross-examining a witness:—

"Were you not, on the night on which you say you were robbed, in such a state of vinous excitement as to preclude the possibility of your comprehension of your situation with that accuracy and precision necessary to a proper delineation of the truth?"

And again, a New York obituary goes thus:—

"Another stalwart tree fell last evening in its autumn prime, in the person of Major Cullen, as unique and remarkable a character in his way as ever wrought out logarithmetically, and emarginated from the rugged intadimensions of the frontier."

A most fearful picture, at first sight, was that presented by a member of a debating society, "Mr. President," said he, "our country's fate looms darkling before us, without a star above the horizon on which the patriotic marfiner can hang a scintillation of hope, but with ominous features of fast-coming doom, gloomy and rayless as the eyes of a toe-toad perched upon the topmost bough of a barren poplar, enveloped in an impenetrable fog."

A more cheerful announcement was made by a Massachusetts mayor, who said in his annual message:—

"As the eastern horizon of the present is made glorious with the beaming rays of opportunity, so may the sunset hour of the future, by the refractive influences of faithful duty, greet us with its gorgeous panoply of prismatic light."

An extract taken from a Louisville paper is a fine example of American laudation:—

"When Miss Hawson first appeared, her bright eyes and lovely face attracted everybody; but when her beautiful pearly teeth were disclosed, there came such a cataract of diamond-drops of melody, that the house seemed, as it were, deluged in a spray of harmony, equal to that which one might imagine would come from a Niagara composed of Æolian harps."

Other descriptions of a like character are not always so flattering. Here we have what is called high-toned criticism in Pennsylvania. A contemporary, speaking of a songstress, says: "She beats cats on high notes. There was no muscle or chest-tone in her voice, but it was almost six octaves above the screech of a lost Indian, and would have thrown out of concert with itself an enterprising railway whistle. The very chandelier would quiver, making every nervous man who sat immediately beneath, instinctively raise his hand to protect his scalp; those magnificent notes being followed up with a roar that would silence a bassoon."

THE hair is frequently rendered prematurely gray by care, grief, delicate health, lowness of spirits, or a depressed tone of the vital powers. The use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, will restore its youthful color and beauty.

Humorous.

Two for assent—Bride and groom.

On the mend—The thread and the patch.

A man always looks black when he feels blue.

A trunk line—The baggage transfer company.

Temporary insanity—Time "out of mind."

The real bouncing baby—An India-rubber doll.

Boston girls, when speaking of spitz dogs, call them "saliva canines."

The home circle—Walking round the room with the baby at night.

"Is life worth living?" Not until somebody shoots the cat in the next yard.

Why don't you cure your Heart Disease? Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator will do it. Price $1.

Appropriate exclamation to be used when a hole is found in a stocking—Darn it.

Why is it that, whenever you are looking for anything, you invariably find it the last place in which you would look? Because you always stop looking when you find it.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Marvelous Singing Doll.

This charming novelty is advertised in this issue, by Mass. Organ Co., 37 Washington St., Boston, Mass., and certainly nothing will appeal more quickly to the children than a Doll that will sing a song. The price is very reasonable, the Doll is a beautiful affair, and the ingenious singing attachment will delight the young, and amuse the old. The little girl who finds a Webber Doll "in her stocking" at Christmas time will be the envy of all.

Superfluous Hair

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 128 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

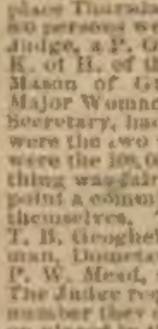
LUCKY STARS.

No. 3,254 Draws the $30,000.

Read What the Louisville Courier-Journal of October 26th, Has to Say About the Henry College Lottery Drawing.

The second drawing Henry College Lottery took place Thursday, Oct. 25, in Masonic Temple; some 80 persons were there. Judge W. B. Hoke, County Judge, a P. G. Mason, at the Head of K. of P. and K. of H. of the U. S., and Wm. H. Meffert, P. G. M. Mason of Grand Lodge of Kentucky, assisted by Major Womack, the Mayor of Louisville's Private Secretary, had charge. In full view of the audience were the two wheels, and a long table, upon which were the 100,000 numbers. Judge Hoke stated everything was fair, and called upon the audience to appoint a committee to come upon the stage and satisfy themselves. The following gentlemen responded: T. B. Geoghehan, of New Albany, Ind.; T. F. Bowman, Duncansville, O.; John B. Davies, A. A. Glass, P. W. Mead, and R. E. Puryear, of Louisville, Ky. The Judge requested the audience to call out what number they chose, and see the tag with the number on placed in the wheel. This privilege many availed themselves of. The Judge, after all were satisfied, placed the numbers which had not been called in the big wheel, and the prizes in the little wheel. When any number drawing a large prize was announced the spectators applauded, but when No. 3,254 was called, and the $30,000 prize drawn to its number, the audience shook the hall with their enthusiasm. After the drawing, our reporter repaired to the elegant offices of the company, 507 Third street, an inspection of their books show Fred Eroy, 79 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill., had No. 3,254, drawing the $30,000 prize. No. 70,928, whole ticket, drawing the $10,000 prize, was sold to Charles W. Smith, Haddam, Conn., who sent $2 to J. J. Douglas for a ticket. Jas. E. Newman, of Summit Point, W. Va., has ticket No. 57,361, and is $1,000 richer; Henry Lambkin, of Lima, O., had No. 82,422, and won $1,000; T. Salzman, of 65 Jefferson St., Baltimore, Md., No. 2,485 a $1,000 prize; W. S. Glore, of Louisville, sold ticket 20,059, which drew $1,000; Joseph W. Kay, New York City, sold Nos. 38,634 and 76,929, $500 each. O. Ballard, Washington, D. C., sold 57,074, $5,000 prize. The President stated that they would have a grand Thanksgiving Drawing, Thursday, Nov. 29th, Capital Prizes of $30,000, $10,000, $5,000, 1,857 prizes, amounting to $110,000. Tickets, only $2 each. Halves, $1. Address J. J. Douglas, Louisville, Ky.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.



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NEW STYLE
DOLLS!

Eight inches tall, with beautiful life-like features, flaxen hair and dark eyes, or curls and blue eyes.

10 cents each, or two for 15 cents, which INCLUDES DRESS with each doll. By mail post-paid. 1 doz. dolls and 12 different dresses for 75 cents. Mailed free.

Special Offer to the readers of this paper. Every person sending 15 cents will receive 2 dolls with dresses and 50 page Illus. Book free. Postage stamps taken. WILSON MANUF'G CO. Providence, R.I.

50 PER CENT SAVED on Patent Medicines. Send for prices to W. T. Totten, 872 N. 20th, Phila., Pa.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

80 CARDS BEST QUALITY. New designs in Satin and Gold finish, with name, 10 cts. We offer $100 for a pack of cards any nicer work, or prettier styles. Samples free. Eagle Card Works, New Haven, Ct.

50 New Enameled Chromo Cards for 1884, name on, 10c. Prize with 3 packs. Potter & Co, Monfowese, Ct

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of **all disorders of the stomach and bowels.** They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

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ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps, we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address. Among them we may mention the following:

A Violet from Mother's Grave.
Tripping o'er the hills.
Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore.
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.
Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Oh, Lucinda.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Te'l de Children Good-bye.
Hardly Ever.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

DIME MUSIC CO.,
Address 726 Sansom Street,
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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

PATENT Procured or no charge. Sh. book patent-law free. Add. W. T. FITZGERALD, 326 F St., Washington, D.C.

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Sawing Made Easy
Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine!

A boy 15 years old can saw logs FAST and EASY. MILES MURRAY, Portage, Mich., writes: "Am much pleased with the MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE. I sawed off a 36-inch log in 2 minutes." For sawing logs into suitable lengths for family stove-wood, and all sorts of log-cutting, it is peerless and unrivaled. Illustrated Catalogue, Free. AGENTS WANTED. Mention this paper. Address MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO., 163 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Free! Cards and Chromos.

We will send free by mail a sample set of our large German, French, and American Chromo Cards, on tinted and gold grounds, with a price list of over 200 different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. We will also send free by mail as samples, ten of our beautiful Chromos, on receipt of ten cents to pay for packing and postage; also enclose a confidential price list of our large oil Chromos. Agents wanted. Address,

F. GLEASON & CO., 40 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

SINGING DOLLS $2.50, upwards. Equal in appearance and quality to dolls of the same price which do not sing. Sent on receipt of price or by Express C. O. D.
AUREPHONES $10. A first-class, durable mechanical musical instrument; 11 notes and music paper on spools. Agents wanted. Send for circulars.
Wm. Blasius, 233 & 235 Chestnut St., Phila.

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BREACH-LOADING GUNS. . . . . etc.
50 CARDS—the prettiest pack out. With your name on, and description of presents and how to get them. For 10c., O. O., Star Co., Berrville, Ct. Orders filled the Day Received.
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In Endless Variety of Beautiful Styles. Send six 2c. stamps for samples. Yale Silk Works, New Haven, Ct.

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ALL IN SEARCH OF HEALTH
Should wear the

ELECTRICITY,
NATURE'S OWN REMEDY,
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THE ELECTROPATHIC ASSOCIATION'S
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The only effectual, Rational, and simple Adaption of Self-Applicable Medical Electricity, For the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Deafness, Paralysis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Indigestion, Epilepsy, Nervous or General Debility and other Nervous, Muscular, and Functional Derangements, THE ELECTROPATHIC ASSOCIATION'S "Belt of Life" Can always be relied on To afford Speedy Relief And Ultimate Cure In any of the Above derangements.

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The turn of the "tied"—Starting home after the wedding trip.

"Come around next stewsday," said the cook to the oysterman.

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We never knew a person to eat ordinary lumber, but we have known them to dine on shipboard.

Thousands are cured yearly of Heart Disease. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator does it. At druggists.

The height of patience may be considered to be a deaf man listening for the ticking of a sun-dial.

"I am the power behind the thrown," soliloquized the mule, as he pitched his rider head over head to the ground.

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CURES
HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

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PENS! ESTERBROOK'S.
For sale by all Stationers.
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Music Free!
We will send free 5 complete pieces of Vocal and Instrumental Music—full size—that would cost $2 at any music store, with our catalogue for 1884, on receipt of 15 cents for postage, etc.
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DON'T
purchase your CHRISTMAS PRESENTS until you have seen our IMMENSE HOLIDAY CATALOGUE of Toys, Novelties, Fancy Goods, &c., mailed free. Address EUREKA T. & N. CO., 27 Warren St., N. Y.

50 large size all Gold, Silver and Motto Cards, with name, 10c. 12 pks. and this elegant Rolled Gold Seal Ring $1. 6 pks. and Ring, 50c. Agents' large Sample Album 20c. Do not compare our Golden Beauties with the cheap DARBY cards advertised.
ALLING BROS., Northford, Conn.

Bevel Edge Cards, designs for 1884. Send 10c. for 50 Chromo Cards with name on. Latest yet. Agents say: "Your cards sell best." Large Sample Book and full outfit 10c. Quickest returns. Give us a trial order. Clinton & Co. North Haven, Ct.

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The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.
For the cure of
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ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent exceeds all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.
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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.
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RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
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IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,
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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
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For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.
RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.
A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.
Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.
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Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.
☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.
TO THE PUBLIC.
Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S system.
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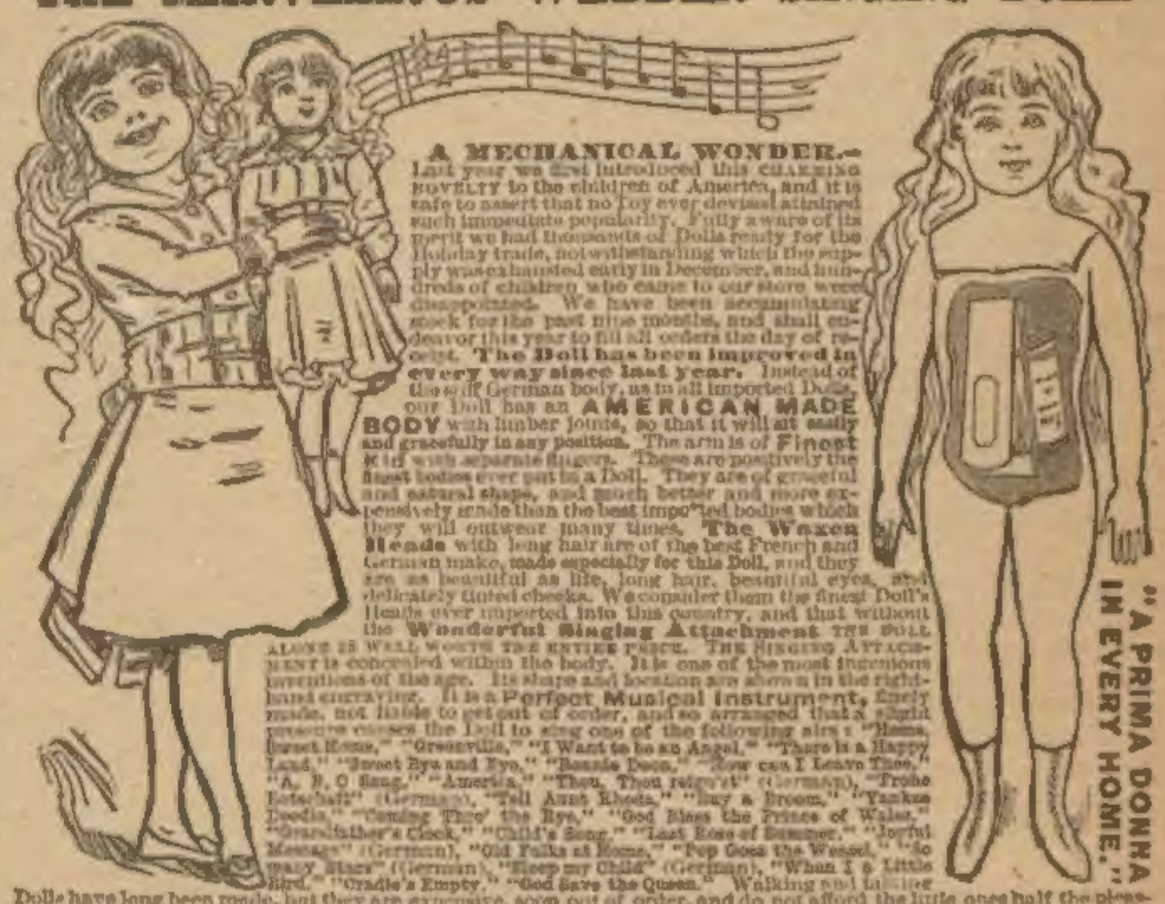
THE MARVELLOUS WEBBER SINGING DOLL.

A MECHANICAL WONDER.—Last year we first introduced this CHARMING NOVELTY to the children of America, and it is safe to assert that no Toy ever devised attained such immediate popularity. Fully aware of its merit we had thousands of Dolls ready for the Holiday trade, notwithstanding which the supply was exhausted early in December, and hundreds of children who came to our store were disappointed. We have been accumulating stock for the past nine months, and shall endeavor this year to fill all orders the day of receipt. The Doll has been improved in every way since last year. Instead of the stiff German body, as in all imported Dolls, our Doll has an AMERICAN MADE BODY with limber joints, so that it will sit easily and gracefully in any position. The arms is of Finest Kid with separate fingers. These are positively the finest bodies ever put in a Doll. They are of graceful and natural shape, and much better and more expensively made than the best imported bodies which they will outwear many times. The Waxen Heads with long hair are of the best French and German make, made especially for this Doll, and they are as beautiful as life, long hair, beautiful eyes, and delicately tinted cheeks. We consider them the finest Doll's Heads ever imported into this country, and that without the Wonderful Singing Attachment THE DOLL ALONE IS WELL WORTH THE ENTIRE PRICE. THE SINGING ATTACHMENT is concealed within the body. It is one of the most ingenious inventions of the age. Its shape and location are shown in the right-hand engraving. It is a Perfect Musical Instrument, finely made, not liable to get out of order, and so arranged that a slight pressure causes the Doll to sing one of the following airs: "Home, Sweet Home," "Greenville," "I Want to be an Angel," "There is a Happy Land," "Sweet Eye and Eye," "Beside Dear," "How can I Leave Thee," "A, B, C Song," "America," "Thou, Thou reignest" (German), "Trobe Betschaft" (German), "Tell Aunt Rhoda," "Buy a Broom," "Yankee Doodle," "Coming Thro' the Rye," "God Bless the Prince of Wales," "Grandfather's Clock," "Child's Song," "Last Rose of Summer," "Joyful Message" (German), "Old Folks at Home," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Home Sweet Home" (German), "Old Folks at Home," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Home Sweet Home" (German), "Keep my Child" (German), "When I is Little Bird," "Cradle's Empty," "God Save the Queen." Walking and talking Dolls have long been made, but they are expensive, soon out of order, and do not afford the little ones half the pleasure and entertainment that our Wonderful Singing Doll does, which is the Greatest Novelty in CHILDREN'S TOYS EVER PRODUCED, and is the most beautiful and appropriate present that can be made to a child. We can furnish three sizes. No. 1, 22 inches high, price, $3.75. No. 2, 24 inches high, larger head, price, $3.95. No. 3, 26 inches high, OUR BEST DOLL, price, $4.00. ☞ These Prices include Boxing. All three sizes are equally perfect and complete, but the larger the Doll the larger the singing attachment, and better head. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Fine Embroidered Chemise, 25c. extra. The Trade Supplied. Address all orders to THE MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., No. 57 Washington St., Boston, Mass., U. S. A. ☞ FINE COSTUMES for these dolls with underclothing lace trimmed, finely made, $2.00 to $5.00 extra.

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Each "Pad" consists of six separate Polishers so adjusted that each can be removed when worn out, presenting a new one beneath.
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PRICE.—One Yankee Flat-Iron Polisher and Knife Sharpener Combined, will be mailed free to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents.
1 dozen cost agents $1.50. Sells for 3.00—Profit 1.50. 6 doz. cost agents 8.00. Sells for 12.00—Profit, 4.00—12 doz. cost agents 16.00. Sells for 24.00. Profit 8.00.
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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

A NEW style of trimming brought out for cloth suits and pelisses is known as "paillasson."

It is rather heavy, and looks a good deal like a straw mat, having the same woven appearance.

A variety of new cloth pelisses and coats are trimmed with it.

One garment of dark Prussian green cloth has a band of paillasson across the foot of the long front, while the back, arranged in large plaits over the bustle, is left plain.

A pelerine, likewise bordered with paillasson, starts from the side back seams and falls over the arms, being turned in very ingeniously in front to form the sleeves.

The front buttons to the waist only, falling open from there down to show the dress.

This same model is produced in plain or brocaded velvet, with fur instead of paillasson.

Pelisses are beginning to be seen in numbers, little advanced as is the season yet, and as they vary more or less one from another in minor points, or as at best escape the exasperating sameness of the new markets of last winter, they have a pleasing effect upon the street.

Some of the newest, most becoming to tall, slender and stylish figures, have loose, long and pointed pagoda sleeves.

A revers of fur, or ribbed plush, or brocaded velvet maybe, trims these new sleeves, sometimes measuring a half of a yard in depth where the sleeve is longest, from the elbow down.

A Russian collar of fur, or whatever else the trimming may be, sets up closely round the throat.

At the shoulders the sleeves are, of course, very full and high. The rest of the garment may be plain, with plaits in the back, and a long, tight front.

Pelisses are sometimes long enough completely to conceal the dress, but oftener they show a few inches of the flouncing below.

Cloth pelisses will be worn chiefly by young girls and young married women, the rich brocaded wraps, on the other hand, being almost exclusively reserved for married ladies.

This distinction is a very sensible one, as the latter garments are too heavy-looking for young people.

Young girls and young married ladies will also wear black or dark-colored cloth jackets a very great deal, for the morning and informal occasions generally.

These jackets are all made to fit tightly, and much care is bestowed upon their shape, cut and finish; otherwise most of them are quite plain.

Trimmed examples, of course, occur also, as, for instance, in a handsome black cloth, plush surface on the inside, which is bordered with a very deep band of paillasson.

Another band of the same is likewise carried up the front, broadening like a plastron toward the neck.

The cuffs and collar are made of paillasson.

In the back the jacket is slashed up toward the waist, and finished with knots of black ottoman ribbon.

These fall over the dress, the drapery of which is pulled out through the opening of the jacket.

Another pretty jacket is of seal-colored plush, with a border, a front band, a deep collar, and otter cuffs.

Any less expensive trimming fur may be substituted, or a rich chenille fringe, which must be cut into small pieces for the front, one row falling over the other.

The collar may be covered with rows of chenille fringe in the same way.

This trimming is soft and silky, and very becoming.

Still another model for a jacket, which may be made of cloth, or plush, or brocaded velvet, is unbuttoned to within ten or twelve inches of the edge—the whole garment measuring about seven-eighths of a yard from the neck—and trimmed with a plastron, pockets, deep cuffs and a broad collar of astrakhan, undressed beaver, otter, or sealskin.

The plastron narrows into a small point a few inches below the waist line.

The winter fashion in hats for young women runs decidedly in the direction of the high-crowned English walking hat, or—and this is newer—of "Vassar" hats. This shape has a very high crown, and a straight brim of moderate width in front, while in back it is narrowed slightly.

It may be worn straight on the head like the English walking hats, or set back a trifle to show the bang.

When worn in this way, the best trimming is a crown of little tips, falling forward across the front or sides.

When worn over the face, two upright wings, a full fancy breast, or a couple of bright birds, set immediately in front, form the fashionable trimming.

One charming hat of this shape has a crown of Russian green velvet, and the brim covered with bright red velvet, a bias fold of the same being set upon the edge of the slightly upturned brim.

A rouleau of red velvet is twisted about the crown.

Directly in front is a bunch of green and red fancy feathers and a large brilliant bird.

Another Vassar hat is of red felt, with a brim bordered with red and gilt galloon, a rouleau of red velvet, and in front a paroquet holding a fancy feather ornament of white and green.

Among somewhat larger hats are a few turned up on the left side, straight on the right, and high crown.

A lining of velvet is generally the accompaniment of such hats when they are of felt, a twist of velvet, and a few long handsome plumes, which start from the front and droop over the left side.

A bird, or some wing, are set in addition in front.

One such hat, of brown felt and velvet with brown plumes, has two pale pink wings in front.

As a rule, all hats and bonnets this year are a good deal trimmed.

Sometimes, plumes, birds, galloon and fancy ornaments all appear on one hat at once.

Of the latter there are very many, and a special fancy just now for kittens' heads may be noticed.

On dressy bonnets oblong beads of jet, pearl or amber, set in slender rims of gilt or steel, are frequently used to adorn the brim.

They are put on in intervals, and often diagonally placed.

An evening bonnet of black velvet, very small, has a narrow brim of white velvet. Against this white velvet are oblong pearl beads with steel rims.

A piece of black velvet ribbon with a white satin back, scarcely two inches wide, is tied on the front at the crown in a simple Alsatian bow. The strings are of the same ribbon.

This bonnet is most elegant in its simplicity.

Another evening bonnet is of pale pink plush.

The crown is gathered into soft folds which are drawn back under a buckle of mother-of-pearl and gilt, set at the edge of the bonnet behind.

In front, nodding forward, are three pink tips.

A capote Parisienne, with a soft, puffy, cap-like crown, is of orange-colored ribbed velvet, with three rows of black chenille balls on the brim, and black velvet strings. An orange feather ornament, tipped with black chenille drops, is set almost directly in front.

One begins to get an idea what ball dresses will be like the coming winter.

An imported toilet of electric blue satin merveilleux is a gem in its way. The entire train is covered with crystal beads an inch long.

The effect under gaslight may be imagined.

The neck is decollette and trimmed with bertha of point d'Alencon. Over the hips is a sort of a panier drapery of plain satin. The front is of the same, mixed with broad festoons of Alencon.

A ball dress of heavy flesh-pink faille is a marvel.

The train is of pink brocade with the figures outlined in silver. The faille front is covered with a network of fine silver cords. At the foot is a ruche of pink tulle, scalloped and pinked on the edges, and half concealing a garland of pale roses. Over the whole falls a silver fringe.

The bodice is of pink and silver brocade, with a plastron of plain faille showing under a silver network to match in front.

Fireside Chat.

AROUND THE KITCHEN.

THERE is more to be learned about pouring out tea and coffee than most ladies are willing to believe.

If these decoctions are made at the table, which is by far the best way—they require experience, judgment and exactness; if they are brought on the table ready made, it still requires judgment so to apportion them that they shall prove sufficient in quantity for the family party, and that the elder members shall have the stronger cups.

Often persons pour out tea who, not being at all aware that the first cup is the weakest, and that tea grows stronger as you proceed, bestow the poorest cup upon the greatest stranger, and give the strongest to a very young member of the family who would have been better without any.

Where several cups of equal strength are wanted, you should pour a little into each, and then the strength will be apportioned properly.

Lamb Cutlets with French Beans.—Trim your cutlets, toss them in a saucer with fresh butter; when done place them round an entire dish, and fill the centre with boiled French beans, to which you have added some bechamel sauce.

Cold Meats.—Remains of boiled ham, mutton, roast beef, etc., are good chopped finely with hard boiled eggs, two heads lettuce, a bit of onion, and seasoned with mustard, oil, vinegar, and, if needed, more salt. Fix it smoothly in a salad dish, and adorn the edges with parsley leaves.

Roast Duckling.—Clean, draw, and truss your duckling, then wrap it up in slices of bacon, and roast. Serve with its own gravy.

Graham Rolls.—One-half cup of wheat flour, two cups of graham flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda, one-half cup of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt; mix with cold water. Roll in shape and bake quickly.

Corn-Meal Cake.—One quart of corn-meal, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two eggs, half cup of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt. Bake in a quick oven.

Cookies.—One cup of sour cream, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda; flour and flavoring to suit.

Beef Roll.—Chop two pounds of beef very fine; chop and pound in a mortar half a pound of fat bacon, and mix it with the beef.

Season it with pepper and salt, (it will not require much salt,) a small nutmeg, the grated rind of a lemon, the juice of a quarter of it, a heaping tablespoonful of parsley mixed fine; or can be seasoned with an additional tablespoonful of onion; or if no onion or parsley is at hand, with summer savory and thyme.

Bind all these together with two eggs; form them into a roll; surround the roll with buttered paper, which tie securely around it.

Then cover it with a paste made of flour and water.

Bake two hours. Remove the paper and crust.

Serve it hot with tomato-sauce or brown gravy.

This may be made with raw or underdressed meat.

If the meat is not raw, but underdressed, surround the roll with pie-crust. Bake, and serve with tomato sauce, or any of the brown sauces, poured in the bottom of the dish. Potato croquettes may be served around it.

The Ideal Beefsteak.—Any one can cook a beefsteak—in his mind. As a matter of fact, it requires the artist to do it; and this view is shared by a correspondent, who writes:

"A member of my own family has brought the cooking of this article of food to perfection.

"The first requirement is not so much a tender and juicy steak, though this is always devoutly to be desired, but a glowing bed of coals, a wire grid-iron, a stout one with good-sized wires, a double one, so that you can turn the steak without touching it.

"The steak should be pounded only in extreme cases, when it is too thick, and is 'stringy.'

"Attempt nothing else when cooking the steak, and have everything ready for the table, the roasted potatoes and vegetables all being in their respective dishes in the warming-closet or oven, with doors slightly ajar.

"From ten minutes onward is needed to cook the steak.

"The time must depend upon the size, and you can easily tell by the color of the gravy which runs from the steak when gently pressed with a knife, as to its condition.

"If the master of the house likes it 'rare done,' when there is a suspicious brown gravy with the red it will be safe to infer that it is done enough for him.

"If, as is generally the case, the next stage is the favorite one, remove the steak from the gridiron the instant the gravy is of a light brown.

"Remove it to hot platter, pepper and salt it to suit your taste, put on small lumps of butter, and then for two brief moments cover it with a hot plate, the two moments being sufficient to carry it to the table.

"One absolutely essential factor in the preparation of good beefsteak is that it must be served at once.

"If you can impress upon your cook that he is not to let the steak stand and steam while he is doing other things, you will be likely to receive your reward for so doing."

If you do not wish to use the skins and seeds of quinces to make jelly, stew them in a little water, strain this juice, and use it to wet the sugar and help make the syrup for your preserved quinces.

A delicious hot sauce for puddings is made of six tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of butter, and one egg; beat the butter, sugar and the yolk of an egg together, then add the white beaten to a froth; lastly, stir in a teacupful of boiling water and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Correspondence.

A. W. W., (Phila., Pa.)—Call in person at your earliest convenience.

VIOLA A., (Lake City, Miss.)—Just now we are in no need of any contributions.

MAUDE, (Camden, N. J.)—You should first get your mother's permission.

LILY, (Shelby, Ill.)—A married man should by himself return the visit of a single gentleman. A bachelor is not supposed to keep a household sufficient even for the temporary entertainment of husband and wife.

TYLEE, (Livingston, Ill.)—The signification of rice is fruitfulness. The divine command to the sexes is "Be fruitful and multiply," and the throwing of rice upon newly-married couples is really equivalent to wishing them a numerous offspring.

A. L., (Shelby, Ill.)—We believe that you have acted wisely in the course you have taken. If your former lover could act so deceitfully while under an engagement to marry you, it is much more than probable that he would be equally unfaithful after marriage.

BERTHA H., (Polk, Tenn.)—There are several remedies for freckles, but these said freckles are very hard to eradicate. We give you the best receipt we know of. Mix together in a pint of rose water one ounce each of alum and lemon juice, and bathe your face frequently with the mixture.

CHARLIE, (Buffalo, N. Y.)—The Yule log is an ancient Christmas institution, but we have not hitherto heard that the log was composed of one kind of wood only. We imagine that the wood most common to a locality was that used, and so in some places it is probable that the ash may have been the particular wood used on the occasion.

ALEXANDRA, (Fleming, Ky.)—A plain gold ring worn on the little finger of a gentleman's left hand, usually signifies his being a widower. If the gentleman you speak of has not been married, it is not impossible that he may have been on the point of marriage with a lady who died, and the ring may be worn out of respect to her memory.

HANNAH, (Phila., Pa.) — The season for pressing leaves will soon be here. The following method is most satisfactory: Take a thin sheet of cotton batting; place the leaves with dainty touch upon them; cover with another sheet, and press all under slight pressure. Unless the leaves contain much moisture they need not be touched. In that case, however, change the cotton in a day or two, and leave until wanted.

STUDENT, (Franklin, Ia.)—Shakespeare uses more different words than any other writer in the English language. There are about fifteen thousand different words in his plays and sonnets, while no other writer uses as many as ten thousand. A few writers use nine thousand words, but the great majority do not employ more than eight thousand. In conversation only from three thousand to five thousand different words are used.

GREEN, (Screven, Ga.)—We should be very happy to oblige you if your request was within the bounds of possibility, but as there are so many songs of that name, to pick out the particular one you require would be a more arduous job than hunting for a needle in a bottle of hay; we might find the latter at the expense of a little pain, by crumpling up the contents of the bottle in our hand, but to discover the first we might have to wade through the words of a thousand songs.

SHAKSPEARE, (Brunswick, Va.)—There are many different methods of strengthening the voice, but each of them depends on the vocal powers of the person. Some take a new-laid egg beat up in milk, others, the same beat up in rum. A celebrated lady singer took a pint of stout before going on the stage. Incledon, a famous English singer, could sing at his best when he was intoxicated. To persons of temperate habit, we think the best strengthener of the voice is a little weak sherry and water.

BOB, (Oakland, Mich.)—The reproof was well deserved. At table you should eat slowly, as if it was a pleasure you wished to prolong, rather than a duty to be got rid of as quickly as possible. Don't bring your prejudices, your dislikes, your annoyances, your past misfortunes or future forebodings to the table. That would spoil the best of dinners. Respect the hours of meals. You have no right to injure the temper of the cook, destroy the flavor of the viands and the comfort of the family, by your want of punctuality.

NELL, (Sussex, N. Y.)—Psyche is pronounced "Sy-ke." She was the youngest daughter of an ancient king, and excited the jealousy of Venus by her beauty, who instigated Cupid to inspire her with a passion for the most contemptible specimen of mankind he could discover. Cupid, however, was so charmed with her appearance, that he fell in love with her himself, and conveyed her to a spot where he visited her every night. Her sisters, jealous of her happy love, suggested that as she had not seen her lover, she might be giving her affections to a monster; and to discover this, while Cupid slept, she kindled a lamp to observe him by, and found that her lover was the handsomest of the gods. Cupid was incensed at this, and deserted her. After a vain attempt to drown herself in a river, she wandered to the palace of Venus, who obliged her to become her slave, and set upon her the most menial of offices. Cupid, however, who still loved her, lightened her burthen, and after a time, she overcame the jealousy of Venus, was made immortal, and became united to Cupid.

READER, (Phila., Pa.)—Antipodes signifies foot to foot; and the man who believed that the world would turn upside down, and wished to be buried head foremost, so in case it did so he might be on his feet, was quite wrong. If you can imagine a globe as big as a balloon, and mites crawling on every side of it to be men, then you may imagine that, the balloon being perfectly round and floating in mid air, a mite at the bottom would fancy that his part was the top of the globe, and mites at the sides and top would do the same. The attraction exerted extends to the centre, and a mite walking onwards on his balloon globe would still be attracted feet downwards, and would still believe the sky over his head was the heavens above. He might teach philosophy, dispute on religion, build his little temples, enslave a number of darker colored mites, and then deluge half his balloon-globe in mite blood for the sake of liberty. Of course the mites would have different opinions upon these important questions, and clergyman and editor mites would attempt to teach their fellows to teach rightly, and fail.